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Poetry.

THE LEGEND BEAUTIFUL.

"Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled!"
That is what the vision said.

In his chamber all alone,
Kneeling on the floor of stone,
Prayed the monk in deep contrition
For his sins of indecision,
Prayed for greater self-denial,
In temptation and in trial;
It was noonday by the dial,
And the monk was all alone.

Suddenly, as if it lightened,
An unwonted splendor brightened
All within him and without him
In that narrow cell of stone;
And he saw the blessed vision
Of our Lord, with light Elysian
Like a vesture wrapped about him,
Like a garment round him thrown.

Not as crucified and slain,
Not in agonies of pain,
Not with bleeding hands and feet,
Did the monk his Master see;
But as in the village street,
In the house or harvest field,
Halt and lame and blind he healed,
When he walked in Galilee.

In an attitude imploring,
Hands upon his bosom crossed,
Wondering, worshiping, adoring,
Knelt the monk in rapture lost.
Lord, he thought, in heaven that reignest,
Who am I that thus thou deignest
To reveal thyself to me?
Who am I, that from the centre
Of thy glory thou shouldst enter
This poor cell, my guest to be?

Then amid his exaltation,
Loud the convent-bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Rang through court and corridor,
With persistent iteration
He had never heard before.

It was now the appointed hour
When alike, in shine or shower,
Winter's cold, or summer's heat,
To the convent portals came,
All the blind and halt and lame,
All the beggars of the street,
For their daily dole of food
Dealt them by the brotherhood;
And their almoner was he,
Who upon his bended knee,
Wrapped in silent ecstasy
Or divinest self-surrender,
Saw the vision and the splendor.

Deep distress and hesitations
Mingled with his adoration;
Should he go, or should he stay?
Should he leave the poor to wait,
Hungry, at the convent gate,
Till the vision pass'd away?
Should he slight his heavenly guest,
Slight this visitant celestial,
For a crowd of ragged, bestial
Beggars at the convent gate?
Would the vision there remain?
Would the vision come again?

Then a voice within his breast
Whispered audibly and clear,
As if to the outward ear;
"Do thy duty; that is best;
Leave unto thy Lord the rest!"

Straightway to his feet he started,
And with longing look intent,
On the blessed vision bent,
Slowly from his cell departed,
Slowly on his errand went.

At the gate the poor stood waiting,
Looking through the iron grating,
With that terror in the eye
That is only seen in those
Who, amid their wants and woes,
Hear the sound of doors that close,
And of feet that pass them by;
Grown familiar with disfavor,
Grown familiar with the savor
Of the bread by which men die!
But, to-day, they knew not why,
Like the gate of Paradise
Seemed the convent gate to rise,
Like a sacrament divine.
Seemed to them the bread and wine,
In his heart the monk was praying,
Thinking of the homeless poor,
What they suffer and endure;
What we see not, what we see;
And the silent voice was saying:—
"Whatsoever thing thou doest
To the least of mine and lowest,
That thou doest unto me!"

Unto me! but had the vision
Come to him in beggar's clothing,
Come a mendicant imploring,
Would he then have knelt adoring,
Or have listened with derision,
And have turned away with loathing?
Thus his conscience put the question,
Full of treacherous suggestion,
As at length, with hurried pace,
Toward his cell he turned his face,
And beheld the convent bright
With a supernatural light,
Like a luminous cloud expanding
Over floor and wall and ceiling.

But he paused, with awe-struck feeling,
At the threshold of his door,
For the vision still was standing
As he left it there before,
When the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Summoned him to feed the poor,
Through the long hour intervening,
It had waited its return,
And he felt his bosom burning,
Comprehending all the meaning,
When the blessed vision said,
"Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled!"

—*Henry W. Longfellow in December Atlantic.*

Selected Story.

Caught by an Heiress.

Love on the Mississippi.

BY JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

There was quite a pleasant little thrill of excitement on board the Mississippi steamer Columbia, bound from New Orleans to St. Louis, as she lay at the quay of the former city (do they call it quay at New Orleans, or a levee, or a crevasse, or what?) just before starting on her voyage. The passengers were nearly all on board; the seemingly interminable process of rolling in casks of sugar and bales of cotton, by vociferous, awkward negroes, had really came to an end; but the captain stood upon the quay, wharf, levee, crevasse, or whatever it was, and the specified hour for departure had long passed away. The sun had gone down—it was in the latter end of April, before the fierce heats had set in to make Canal street a solitude and Carrollton a howling wilderness—and the crew and the porters did their work by the light of the demoniac looking little furnaces or braziers, filled with blazing pine wood, which were fixed at the steamer's bows. Among the impatient passengers the rumor was that the steamer was only waiting now to take on board a young heiress, of immense wealth and social nullity, who was going somewhere up North, and thence to Europe.

Some few of the passengers professed to know all about the matter. Their accounts, of course, did not agree in many particulars; but they generally bore out one broad conclusion. The young heiress had but recently become enriched. The death of a distant relative who had amassed a large fortune in South America had made her quite unexpectedly an heiress. She had been brought up in a New Orleans convent, her mother being dead.—Her father was traveling with her. Except as her father he was quite a poor man ruined in the war. Was she pretty? everybody asked. Nobody knew. Several on board were acquainted more or less with her father; not one ever professed to have seen the daughter.

While a general and keen anxiety was felt to see the heiress, the ladies were much more eager on the subject than the gentlemen. Men are very seldom curious about a woman whom they have not seen; women are just the reverse. The men on board the Columbia, who felt or professed the greatest desire to see the expected heiress were Col. Sharpe, the Hon. Capt. Deeds, of England, and Phil. Pembroke.

These three ought to be clearly described. Colonel Sharpe was a small, dark-haired man, with eyes that gleamed like jewels. He was handsomely, perhaps rather floridly, dressed; had an emerald in his shirt, and wore elegant glazed boots, small and dainty enough to have peeped beneath a petticoat. I should not care to have played billiards or euchre with Colonel Sharpe, who was almost always playing one or the other. It is doubtful whether the military authorities at Washington could have furnished any explanation as to how Mr. Sharpe came by his title of Colonel; and I don't suppose Jefferson Davis knew anything more about the matter than General Grant. The manners of Colonel Sharpe to the ladies on board were elaborately polite and chivalrous, with an ostentatious dash of tenderness in them. When he took off his hat and bowed to a lady, there was an air of sentimental confidence about the motion which seemed to hint that it was an act of homage paid to her, and to her alone. Colonel Sharpe went up and down the Mississippi very often, and played cards immensely all the way, and drank many, many sherry cobblers and much champagne and brandy, and he was ready to offer you a wager on any assertion whatever.

The Hon. Capt. Deeds, whose regiment was stationed in Toronto, was an English younger son. He was a handsome florid man, of thirty-five, with a neat brown mustache and brown whiskers and shaven chin and hair lavishly oiled and parted down the middle.—He was specially remarkable for his unaltered composure and impenetrable self-possession. Nothing on earth or sea could shake his calm faith in his own superiority and that of his class to all humanity outside. He was poor, as befits a younger son, and like a true British aristocrat, he cared not a farthing who knew it. He wanted to marry a woman with money; and he even frankly acknowledged that given the money, he should not be particular about the beauty or intellect of the woman.

Phil. Pembroke was a handsome young American, who had gone credibly, not, perhaps, very splendidly through his university course, and had not quite found out what to do with himself in life. He was a wonderfully slow young American in this way; for he was twenty-five years old, and yet had hardly begun the world. He had very little money.—His father and mother were dead. He had forced on him, through family influence, a consulship in one of the British possessions, and not liking the absence of real work, he had actually flung up the appointment, declaring himself disgusted with office seeking, and vowing that he would live by his own brains or exertion or not at all. He was a manly young fellow, with a dash of the romantic in it; and he had still a poetic reverence for a woman, even though she wore high heels and assumed the Grecian bend—which I take to be the severest test of a man's devotion to women ever yet devised by fashion.

Colonel Sharpe thought something could be made out of the heiress or the father, somehow. Captain Deeds thought he might have a try for the girl and "tin." Phil. Pembroke was anxious to see what the mysterious young lady might be like. In the weary hours before the steamer's departure these three had been thrown together a good deal. Colonel Sharpe had won two bets of the Britisher, and played cards with him, but found that in the latter manly sport the Britisher could hold his own.

At last three carriages rattled down to the wharf. Several huge trunks and boxes and valises are taken on board. Then comes an elderly gentleman handing in two ladies, both young, apparently; then a smart French damsel, evidently a lady's maid, and then a colored man carrying a little dog in his arms. The ladies have their veils down, and nobody can make anything of them. The whole party disappears, absorbed into state rooms. At last the plank, or "stage," is hauled in, the gun is fired, and the steamer begins slowly to make her way through the crowding craft of all kinds up the Mississippi.

The elderly gentleman and the ladies did not appear that night, and there was considerable disappointment among the company in consequence. Colonel Sharpe offered to bet drinks that the taller lady was the heiress. Captain Deeds wouldn't bet, for he assumed with a yaws that it must be so, seeing that the smaller of the two had shown in passing a very pretty foot and ankle; and girls with lots of money were always sure to be "beet to the heels." Phil. Pembroke thought as the taller girl passed him he had caught through her veil the gleam of two very bright eyes; and he hoped these belonged to the heiress, although as he said rather grimly within himself, it didn't much matter to him; a woman with beauty and fortune would not be likely to give herself much concern for a poor devil like him.

The French waiting maid and the colored man were both seen flitting about the saloon, and from this state room to that, during the evening. Col. Sharpe privately "interviewed" them both and came back to his fellow passengers triumphant with his news. This tall young lady was the heiress; she was immensely beautiful and awfully rich. The shorter girl was only a traveling companion, a school friend of the heiress' convent days, now taken with her out of kindness and charity. The father was a quiet old gentleman, who did not amount to much anyhow. The daughter ruled the party. As Colonel Sharpe expressed it, she "bossed the whole lot."

The morning rose beautiful and bright over the yellow waters and rich green shore. The heiress and her party had emerged from their state rooms, and were graciously mingling with the general company. The heiress was really a very handsome girl—tall, pale, quiet, with a transparent complexion; long, straight nose, and magnificent hair. The other girl was a bright, pleasant little thing without much pretension, or any pretension to beauty, but with a pretty and compact little figure, just the person to be a very trim and agreeable teacher or mistress in a well kept school, apparently. The father was very handsome, very gentlemanly, with gray hair, and he talked very willingly and, indeed, quite agreeably, perhaps, but had, every now and then, an odd, uncomfortable way of looking uneasily about him, as if he had something on his mind, or was in fear of some manner of detection. Our trio of traveling companions observed these facts at first from a distance, at breakfast. It was *deringer* on the boat that gentlemen traveling without wife, daughter or sister, must not sit at the tables where ladies ate their meals. On deck, however, all was liberty and equality; and it was not long before each of the three gentlemen had made the acquaintance of the heiress and her father.

Captain Deeds made his way to the lady through the papa, to whom he offered a cigar as a propitiatory sacrifice. Col. Sharpe disdained such timorous and roundabout ways. He boldly approached the young lady with two green volumes of Mrs. Southworth, and the latest number of Godey's Lady's Book in his hand (the Colonel was great on literature), and taking off his hat with a splendid flourish, and looking wonderful things out of his beautiful dark eyes, he blandly offered her those masterpieces of the modern school, and presently he was seen to offer her his arm, and, to use an expression adopted by himself, "tote" her up and down the deck. He came back, and though he proclaimed the lady "too splendid for anything," and intimated that he had made splendid progress in the work of captivation, there was an underlook of dissatisfaction, or, at least, of doubt, perceptible upon his face, and he drank two sherry cobblers, in quick succession.

Phil. Pembroke, now piqued in trying his fortunes, easily found a way of initiating acquaintanceship with the heiress. Her name, by the way, he had heard to be Miss Rosetta Alexander. Now, Mr. Phil. was fond of pretty names of women, and the "Rosetta" prepossessed him. Rosetta's face was certainly very handsome, and she received his advances—evidently those of a gentleman—with ready courtesy and apparent good humor. She had a bland, sweet smile, which she turned freely upon the young man as they talked commonplaces together; and Phil. began to think she was a charming girl, and that he was very likely indeed to fall in love with her. That sweet, gentle smile! How winningly it turned to him! How it brightened and transfigured a commonplace ass a moonbeam does a puddle!

Still the young man began to find that they were only taking common places. That was a waste of powder. That white forehead, those eyes, that smile, must have a fine intellect behind them. *Paula majora*—he soon began to try higher themes. He talked of the scene, of lovely scenes in general; of nature, of the ocean, the desert, the Alps; of the places he had seen, and the places he longed to see. Miss Rosetta turned her sweet smile upon him, and blandly assented to all he said:

"What a glorious sunset!" the half enamored youth exclaimed; and he gazed at the burning west.

"Beautiful!" replied Miss Alexander, with her sweet smile, as she glanced first to the east, and then to the steamer's deck.

Phil. felt a little disappointed, but he tried another tact. He turned to books.

"This," he said, *apropos* of something, anything, "reminds me of a part of the 'Earthly Paradise.'"

"Yes," replied the sweet smile; "which part?"

"In the Land East of the Sun. Do you know it?"

"No;" with a sweet smile; "I never was there."

"Oh, I mean the poem! Have you not read it?"

"No; is it nice?"

"Charming, I think. Have you not heard of it?"

"No." The same delicious smile.

"But you are fond of poetry?"

"Oh, yes." The winning smile anew.

"And you read poetry, I know?"

"Oh, no; indeed I do not." The smile repeated.

"Who, then, are your favorite authors?"

"My favorite"—. Smile equally sweet, but interrogatory this time.

"Authors." Phil. a little disheartened.

"I do not like any of them. They are all so dull, and when one tries to read them they give one a headache." The smile was now as sweet and placid as if it were worn by an Egeria, pouring out the finest treasures of her serene intellect upon some rapt admirer.

Phil. soon politely bowed himself away. "I can't fall in love with a smile and a fortune," he said to himself. "My British friend may try his chance and welcome, if he will. She ought to marry Lord Dundreary."

In withdrawing he nearly stumbled over a lady, and he stopped to make an apology. It was the companion of Miss Alexander. She was a plain little girl enough, but she had good eyes and a very expressive mouth—too expressive. Pembroke thought just then, for she seemed as if she was laughing at him. "She has seen my discomfiture," he thought "and it amuses her."

Pembroke's apology led to the exchange of a few words. The young woman spoke in a clear, ringing voice, which had some character in it, and attracted our somewhat discouraged youth. He uttered a commonplace or two, but to his amazement the girl cut him short by replying:

"Thank you. But suppose we meet each other on the deck or stairs a few times more, and look at each other without speaking, until we get better acquainted?"

"Why so?" asked puzzled Phil. Pembroke.

"Wouldn't that be a better way of opening an acquaintance than a prelude of commonplaces that no one cares about?"

"Well, I suppose people must begin with commonplaces. It's like moving the pawns in the beginning of a game of chess."

"It is? I thought there was some purpose generally in every movement, even of the pawns. But, indeed, the beginning of a game of chess is very dull indeed, and I am always longing to get it over."

"Some people can only talk commonplaces," observed Phil., thinking of his recent interview.

"Then why not keep all one's stock for dealing with such people."

Somebody else came up, and this saucy lady got out of the odd discussion.

"She goes in for being eccentric," Phil. said to himself. "She has no money and no beauty, and she thinks it best to be odd. I suppose she envies the good looks and the fortune of her young mistress, or friend, or whatever she is. Poor thing! A woman without money or beauty must do something."

Captain Deeds walked the deck that day for nearly an hour with the heiress, and reported her to be a nice, quiet girl, with no nonsense in her. He said he hated your talking women—strong-minded, and blue stockings, and all that.

Yet the sweetest smile of Miss Alexander did undoubtedly seem to be at Phil. Pembroke. Phil. felt a little flattered and tried to think her delightful. But he really couldn't succeed. She was insupportably placid, sweet and dull.

Pembroke talked a good deal to Mr. Alexander, and was much pleased with the quiet intelligence and varied knowledge of the old man. But he was greatly puzzled by the obvious uneasiness and awkwardness which sometimes took possession of the latter when the two young women were near.

None of the other ladies on board liked the heiress. At first they were nearly unanimous in praising Miss Roberts, the companion, who had neither face nor fortune to boast of. But they soon found her odd and satirical, and pronounced her bold, and didn't like her at all. Some thought her manners highly unbecoming for a person of her class.

The day after their first exchange of words, Pembroke came on deck and found Captain Deeds and Col. Sharpe, one at each side of Miss Alexander, doing their best as rivals to interest and please the heiress. Miss Roberts sat at a little distance reading a book. Phil. was rude enough and inquisitive enough to draw near her from behind, in order to see what the book was. It was Molière, and she was reading "Le Misanthrope," apparently with deep interest.

"Come," he thought, a woman who can read Molière is worth something.—Why hasn't she the money or even the beauty?"

Presently she glanced at the heiress and her admirers, and an idea seemed to strike her. She took up a scrap of paper and began to draw something on it.

Pembroke presented himself boldly, and plunged into conversation at once by asking her whether she was sketching any of the scenery of the river. She seemed a little embarrassed, and said:

"Oh, no; I don't ever care to spoil my impression of a river or tree by caricature. I hate silly women who waste their time over amateur sketches or scenery."

"But you have been drawing something; may I see it?"

"Indeed you may not. It isn't worth looking at, and therefore it wouldn't be worth concealing, but that—well, but that I don't want to show it."

She tore it in two, crimpled it to pieces and tried to throw them over the side. But the wind blew them back almost to Pembroke's feet, and he was malign enough to catch them, flatten them out, and put them together. He saw two wonderful little sketches, each done in a few touches—one of Captain Deeds, whose head was so manipulated as to look like that of a sheep; the other of Colonel Sharpe, made suggestive of a jackal.

"You have a wonderful gift with a pencil," said Pembroke, gravely and earnestly, "and you can see far enough into people. But don't abuse your gifts; don't be ill-natured. We are all afraid of satirical women."

"Well, I am sorry I caricatured these, since anybody saw it; not because it is ill-natured, but only because they are not worth satirizing or caricaturing."

"Captain Deeds seems to be very much of a gentleman, I think."

"Yes; a gentleman in keen search of a fortune owned by a woman foolish enough to give it to him! And Colonel Sharpe? Does he seem to you a gentlemanly person, also?"

"Well, perhaps not. I wonder what your friend, Miss Alexander, thinks of him?"

"I don't believe she is thinking about him at all, even now. But, if you were to try—"

"Should I have a better chance?"

"Much better. Go and test it for yourself?"

"Not I! Like Sir Lucius in 'The Rivals,' I am too poor a man to do anything shabby. I couldn't afford to run after heiresses."

Miss Roberts' eyes flashed on him full of keen inquiry. She rose, made a quiet bow, and left him.

"A strange girl full of talent," he said to himself; "made cynical, I suppose, by seeing a pretty idiot preferred to herself by every man, just because the idiot has money and she has none. I must talk to her again."

He did talk to her again and again. He found her *piquante*, bright, brim full of intelligence, and, for all her occasional sharpness of speech, full, too, of good feeling, tenderness and sensibility. He began to think her pretty and more than pretty. The brave Colonel Sharpe was highly amused at our hero for his having taken up with the companion in default of the heiress, and he bet drinks and cigars that before the steamer reached St. Louis Pembroke would find himself compelled to fall back on the French waiting maid. But Pembroke received the suggestion with such a frown and one or two words so angry and fierce, that the intervention of good-natured Captain Deeds was earnestly needed to restore pacific relations. After that Pembroke was allowed to go his own way unheeded—which he did.

An amazing amount of incidents, events, romances, love-making passions, marriage-making, may be crowded into a voyage from New Orleans to St. Louis, and yet not seem crowded neither. This voyage, thanks to an unusual amount of strength of current in the river, was slower and longer than usual. By the time the steamer had reached Memphis, Phil. Pembroke was in love with Miss Roberts, and by the time the steamer had reached Cairo he knew it.

Meanwhile Captain Deeds had become hopelessly discouraged in his pursuit of Miss Rosetta Alexander. He frankly owned that he could never get anything more out of her than "Yes," and a sweet smile; and that everybody else got just as much, and he had therefore, no way of testing his progress. Col. Sharpe now had the running all to himself, and seemed mightily satisfied. The very evening when the steamer touched at Cairo, Sharpe whispered to Deeds, in exulting accents, "I've made it all right with the heiress. She's said Yes; and, if papa don't consent, I'll run away with her from St. Louis!"

Captain Deeds started, turned away, wondered within himself whether he ought not to warn the papa, began to feel heartily ashamed of having given any manner of sanction to Colonel Sharpe and his schemes; but ended by smoking a cigar moodily and saying nothing.

One thing had puzzled, and even pained, Phil. Pembroke a little during the voyage. He could not help, now and then, detecting little glances of mutual confidence passing between Mr. Alexander and Miss Roberts, his daughter's companion, while no such glances passed between Alexander and the daughter. Could it be possible that Mr. Alexander was weak enough to think of giving his daughter a young step-mother, and that Miss Roberts, who seemed so noble, was capable even momentarily of humoring such an idea? He put the thought away and would not harbor it.

The voyage was drawing to a close. Soon the party would separate, perhaps never to meet again any of them, unless Phil. should say some words to the one whom alone he profoundly longed to meet again—which words he had not yet spoken. He dreaded the thought of separation. He knew that he loved Miss Roberts now with his whole manly heart, and that he never could be happy without her. But his prospects were poor; he had as yet made no way in life; he doubted whether he ought to ask a girl to risk her fortune and fate with him and for him. Yet he felt that he could not leave the *Columbia* without at least telling Miss Roberts all; telling her how much he loved her, and ask her, if she would, to wait a little for him.

Late in the evening—in the night, indeed—he came on deck. The deck seemed almost deserted, and he was glad of it. He walked moodily along and watched the darkening shores and gliding trees, where now and then a fire-fly was gleaming. Suddenly he saw that close to him, at the stern of the boat, two figures were seated, a man and a woman; and the woman was lying with her head on the man's shoulder, and his arm was around her waist. Phil. started, and would have turned back, unseen, but it was too late. He felt the blood rushing to his head, and he seemed to see lightning dancing before his eyes, for the pair he saw were Mr. Alexander and Miss Roberts!

He heard the whisper of a hasty word two—and—yes, indeed, even something like a ball suppressed laugh, and then Mr. Alexander coolly rose and walked away; and Miss Roberts called to him—Pembroke—by name, and made way for him to sit beside her!

He obeyed with rage and scorn boiling in his breast, determined to show the worthless girl, this mercenary coquette, how little he cared for her. As he sat by her he could see that she was still laughing—aye, laughing in his very face!

"Mr. Pembroke."

"Madame!"

"Good gracious, what a solemn and melo-dramatic sound! You are angry with me?"

"I have no right to be, madame!"

"You say so in a tone which seems to imply that you have all the right in the world. Pray, Mr. Pembroke, don't be angry; forgive my laughing, I can hardly help it. You would laugh if you only knew all."

"I don't ask to know anything."

"No, of course; but you are longing to know, all the same. Well, Pembroke, I ask you just for once to believe in me without knowing. I can guess what you have been suspecting, and I won't laugh if I can help it; but you are quite wrong. Mr. Alexander is more dear to me than any other being, almost, on earth; but I have not been flirting with him or trying to marry him. Do you not believe me?"

She laid her hand gently on his, and looked into his face with eyes so pure and a trust so noble that every dark some thought and harsh suspicion were swept from Pembroke's heart, and he pressed the hand to his lips, hardly knowing what he did, and said:

"I believe in you—I love you!" Then his whole tale of love poured itself into her unresisting ear; and although for awhile she said no word, he knew that she loved him.

She looked up at last and said:

"You know what my position is—that I am a poor, dependent girl?"

"I do; thank God for it! I am poor, too. How should I dare to approach you if you were rich? Let us be poor together for awhile; I shall make my way. I know it now, and win or lose, I shall be happy."

There was a moment's pause, and then the girl looked bravely into his face and said:

"Mr. Pembroke, I am no coquette and no prude. I am not afraid to own that I feel to you as I never did to man before, and never shall to any man else; but if I freely pledge you my undying love, it can and shall be only on one condition."

"Any condition you will—only name it quickly."

"That nothing you may hereafter or now hear about me, nothing I now have to tell you, shall induce you to withdraw your offer of love."

With thoughts went through Pembroke's agitated mind. Perhaps there was something in the girl's birth, parentage, family history, which he feared he might regard as a stain, and by which she would therefore test the strength of his love. How idle a doubt! What did he care for anything but her own purity and truth? and of these his own instincts, heart and soul, assured him. He passionately protested that nothing on earth should divide him from her, if she would but promise him her love and her hand. He would wait as long as she pleased—years, if she would only give him the pledge that her heart was only his.

A bright smile crossed her face, even while tears were in her eyes, and she said:

"I have been playing a foolish part—a mad whim of mine—and I have entrapped you! My name is Rosetta Alexander, and Mr. Alexander is my father, and the young lady with the sweet smile whom you wouldn't make love to is Virginia Roberts, my waiting maid, the handsomest, best and stupidest girl under the sun! I am quite ashamed of all this absurd masquerade; but I have only lately become rich—and I suppose it has turned my head—and I have not long come out of a convent, and I heard all men were so mercenary, and I thought that it would be such capital fun to see people making love to Virginia, for her supposed fortune! Papa would try to get me the moon if I cried for it, and so he consented, very unwillingly, to go into the scheme, and very awkwardly he played his part; and—that's all—except that you are fairly trapped, and can you ever forgive me?"

Pembroke did forgive her, although he was for the moment honestly disappointed to find that he was not marrying a poor girl. She, with her quick and subtle instincts, would probably in any case have divined the truth and nobleness of his character; but it appeared that Mr. Alexander and she were well acquainted through friends, with our hero's antecedents, and the manly promise of his independent, honest nature. Mutual love did all the rest and the affection that grew up in six days will last true and bright forever.

Captain Deeds was invited to the wedding. Colonel Sharpe (who was not invited) always offers to bet drinks that Pembroke knew the whole secret from the beginning. He considers himself an injured man, and plays euchre more steadily than ever.

The Grand Duke's History.

From the New York Times.

On the 14th day of January, 1850, the day after the new year, according to the Russian calendar, there was no little commotion in the St. Petersburgh Palace of the Grand Duke Alexander, the heir to the Crown of Russia. This unwonted excitement in an Imperial palace was on the occasion of the birth of an Imperial infant. Anxious relatives and titled officers of State awaited nervously the message from the sick chamber of the Grand Duchess. Finally the word came that the life of the mother was beyond danger; a boy had been born. But as if to dampen the joy for the mother, a second message conveyed the sad tidings that the child was dead. For more than an hour the grand people of the Russian Court were deeply absorbed in conversation, bewailing the fate of the ill-starred babe and the deep disappointment of the noble parents. At length a third messenger came from the sick chamber, and the burden of his story was as joyful as that of the last had been sad. The Court Physicians had succeeded in bringing to life what had, at the moment of birth, appeared to be a dead infant. The liveliest congratulations followed this announcement, and when the exultant father appeared at the door of the gorgeous *salon*, bearing in his arms his new-born offspring, the gladness of those present knew no bounds, and overflowed with prayers for the safety and happiness of the little one. A tall majestic man, of commanding and imposing presence, to whom all seemed to pay extreme deference, stepped forward, and approaching the unconscious babe, christened him Colonel of the Ickatherinenburgh Infantry Regiment, an honor conferred at that age only on Princes of the blood Imperial. Thus came into the world Alexei Alexandrowitch, grandson of the Czar Nicholas, who had just created him a Colonel and son of the present Emperor of all the Russias. The magnificent Cathedral of St. Isaac's in the Russian capital, for years past had not been filled by a more brilliant throng than the one which attended the solemnities amid which the newly-born Grand Duke Alexis was baptized at the same font from which, for nearly a hundred years past, the holy water had been sprinkled on the forehead of his ancestors. The whole Imperial family, including the Emperor and Empress, and all the Grand Dukes were present. Most of the foreign courts were represented by Ministers attired in their robes of State, and the officers of the Imperial Life Guards were stationed at regular intervals in all parts of the vast building. After Alexis had been removed from the baptismal font, the Emperor Nicholas kissed his little grandson fondly on the forehead, and then tenderly embraced his son, the Grand Duke hereditary, Alexander Nicolaievitch.

For several years young Alexis remained in very feeble health. He was a sickly child, and it was believed that he would sadly survive the period of his boyhood. In the year 1854 he was a pale, sweet faced boy, looking much younger than he really was, with large, dark eyes and a beautiful head of blonde hair. The Grand Duchess Maria often drove out with him in the gardens of Zarskoe Selo, and the Emperor Nicholas never allowed them to pass without saying a kind word to his daughter-in-law and fondling his little grandson. Early in March, 1855, the Czar died, heart broken, surrounded by his weeping family, every member of which was devotedly attached to him. In the year 1856, the young Grand Duke accompanied his parents to their coronation at Moscow, and was then, for the first time, presented to the assembled representatives of the vast Russian Empire.

In the year 1862 there occurred an event which exercised a decisive influence upon the mind and future of the young Grand Duke Constantine, who held the position of Grand Admiral of the Russian Navy, on a trip to the fortress of Sweaborg. No sooner had the frigate, on which the Imperial family made the excursion reached the open sea, than a terrific gale arose which lasted nearly eight hours. So far from being frightened at the fury of the storm, young Alexis behaved like an intrepid veteran, and, despite the request of his uncle to go to his state room, he insisted upon remaining on deck until the storm had abated. This event made an indelible impression upon the young Grand Duke's mind, and when he returned to St. Petersburgh he urgently petitioned his father to allow him to enter the naval service of his country and become a sailor. This request the Emperor Alexander deemed it impossible to grant, both on account of the delicate constitution of Alexis, and of an old tradition said to exist relative to the Imperial family of the Romanoffs, to the effect that no more than one of the Princes of Imperial blood could hold an active command in the Russian Navy. The Emperor consoled the boy, however, by appointing him inspector of the Russian men-of-war stationed in the seaports of Finland. It is true that this was merely an honorary position, but it was one which enabled young Alexis to pass a month of each year on board a man-of-war.

In 1866 the Grand Duke accompanied his mother to Germany, and afterward went with her to Nice, where his eldest brother, the Czarowich Nicholas, was lying dangerously ill. The Emperor Alexander, the Empress, the Grand Duke Alexis, and the affianced bride of the dying Grand Duke, the charming Princess Dagmar, of Denmark, were all present at the deathbed. The following years in the life of Prince Alexis have not been distinguished by any noteworthy event, unless it be that he was present in the year 1866 when the murderous attempt was made upon the life of his imperial father, which excited so profound a sensation throughout the civilized world. Alexis stood on that memorable occasion close behind the Emperor.

Alexis is the favorite son of the Emperor, and almost invariably accompanies his father in his visits to the different provinces of the empire. He was present at the memorable interview which occurred at Ems last summer between his grand uncle, the Emperor Wilhelm, of Germany, and the Emperor of Russia, and only left his father after the interview with the Emperor of Austria in order to join his squadron, then about to sail from Cronstadt for the United States.

Iowa—Its Census.

From the Davenport Democrat.

A few extracts from the advance sheets of the United States Census Bureau will interest every Iowa reader. The aggregate of the Territory, in 1840, was 43,112; in 1850, 102,214; in 1853, 674,913; in 1870, 1,194,792. It may therefore be inferred that our population now considerably exceeds 1,250,000. In 1840 the number of slaves was reported to be 16; free colored, 170; of the latter, in 1870, 5,762. The negroes appear to be very unequally distributed, Butler county having none, and thirty counties having less than ten, and eight of them less than one each, while Dubuque has 157; Wapello, 233; Van Buren, 211; Des Moines, 281; Scott, 246; Polk, 303; Henry, 355, and Lee, 1,563.

Only 65 Indians were reported in 1860, and only 48 in 1870. This is evidently an error, for the township of Pottawatomie, in Tama county, still number some hundreds.

Only 18 of the 100 counties were organized in 1840; all are reported in 1870 except Osceola, Lyon and Crocker, which, we believe, have been organized since. Nineteen counties report a population of over 20,000 each.

The five most populous counties are stated to be Linn, 37,864; Clinton, 35,227; Lee, 35,647; Scott, 38,358; Dubuque, 38,809.

Iowa has a goodly share of the foreign immigration that has rushed to the Northwestern States within the last twenty years. In 1870 there were only 111,892 foreign born, while in 1870 there were 986,735.

Considering the whole country as now having a population of about 40,000,000 (38,505,983 being the figures for June, 1870) it is found that one eighth were born outside of the United States, and that the natural increase of the foreign element is more rapid than of native birth. This fact is not limited to any State but is the same everywhere, but perhaps more strikingly so in the older States. The increase of population in the new States and Territories proves a wonderful development of the country, and especially of the West, but the real progress will be better illustrated by the figures when published, showing the extension of railroads, the agricultural and stock products, and the manufacturing interests. It will then be seen that in the history of the world there has never been before such a development by a nation in twenty years as by the United States from 1850 to 1870. Our material interests have scarcely been checked by a four years' civil war and loss of half a million of men. It is already apparent that by the year 1900 we shall have a population of about 100,000,000. As the increased ratio of railroad progress and telegraph lines, the number of miles of those facilities will, at that date, be nearly a million, and converging to a National Capital on the bank of the Mississippi or Missouri river.

At that time, less than thirty years hence, Iowa will probably contain 3,000,000 people, have from eight to ten thousand miles of railroads, and if our State and municipal legislation becomes what it should be, Davenport will have 100,000 inhabitants.

Terrible Double Tragedy

From the Kenosha (Wis.) Telegraph, Nov. 16

Last Monday afternoon our citizens were startled by the report that E. F. Morris, an old resident of this city, for the past season living on a farm about three miles west of here, had shot his wife and then killed himself. A number of our citizens immediately left for the scene of the tragedy and found that the report was but too true. Mrs. Morris was found lying dead upon the floor, with a terrible gunshot wound in her left side, and beside her, with his head resting on her body, lay Mr. Morris with one side of his head literally torn off. After shooting his wife he had sat down upon the floor, placed the muzzle of the gun in his mouth, and discharged it, portions of his brain being found on the wall some distance from where he sat.

Mr. Morris has lived here some 28 years, and was well known throughout the county. Both himself and Mrs. Morris were in the city Saturday, trading and visiting. For some time past Mr. Morris has appeared melancholy, and as though life was not going with him as he would like it. He became moody and taciturn, seldom smiling or speaking when on the street. Mrs. Morris was a pleasant warm-hearted woman, loved and respected by a large circle of friends. They leave a family of three sons and one daughter, all grown up and married except the youngest son.

Domestic trouble was the cause of the terrible deed. A coroner's jury was empanelled, and a verdict of murder and suicide rendered in accordance with the above facts.

Sale of the Atlantic Telegraph Cable.

[From the New York Sun.]

Information has reached us from a source entitled to credit, that the British Government has been negotiating, and has nearly concluded the negotiation, for the purchase of the Atlantic telegraph cable. The story is confirmed by the well known fact that a ring or syndicate of London capitalists has lately paid $35,000 for the privilege of purchasing within ninety days, and at ninety cents on the dollar, $2,500,000 of the stock of the New York and Newfoundland Telegraph Company, the wires of which from the exclusive connection between the western end of the Atlantic cable and the telegraph system of the United States. The British Government probably desires to work the whole line between Ireland and America, in connection with the land lines of the United Kingdom, which it has been operating for more than a year, and, as it is reported, with considerable success. Of course, if the syndicate pays ninety cents on the dollar for the stock of the Newfoundland company, they expect to get from the British Government a higher price for it, and this price will not differ materially from that paid for the stock of the Atlantic Cable Company. The entire purchase will probably cost the Government twelve millions in gold by the time it is completed.

A little girl not far from Schenectady, after noticing for some time the glittering gold filling in her aunt's front teeth, exclaimed: "Aunt Mary, I wish I had supported teeth like yours."

Weekly Toledo Blade.

A. F. MILLER. D. R. LOCKE. J. P. JONES.

MILLER, LOCKE & Co., Proprietors.

TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, NOV. 30, 1871.

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THE ANTI-GRANT MOVEMENT.

By referring to our news dispatches the reader will see that the anti-GRANT movement is bringing certain suspicious political fossils to the front again. For awhile it seemed as if the opposition to the Administration was to take on a radical type, and be controlled by men of the SUMNER, SCHURZ and GRATZ BROWN order. As the time approaches for the caucus of the leaders of this movement, which is expected to take place at Harrisburg, a different class of leaders come to the surface. It is well known that Mr. WM. M. EVARTS, the chief friend of Ex Secretary SEWARD, has never forgiven the Republican party for the defeat of this gentleman in the national nominating convention of 1860, and that both Mr. SEWARD and Mr. EVARTS have, since that time, become more and more conservative in their opinions and associations. The course of Mr. SEWARD in trying to give the policy of Republican party an intensely conservative direction, being in such marked contrast with his previous progressive and radical utterances, caused great disappointment among the friends which his progressive views had attracted toward him. Mr. SEWARD, and his friend EVARTS, held on to the treacherous ANDREW JOHNSON, and through the professional skill and management of the latter, the arch apostate and betrayer of Republican confidence was saved from punishment by impeachment.

The Administration of Gen. GRANT has not been of the character which could satisfy or conciliate such men. It has not sought to conciliate the rebel oligarchy of the South, but to maintain the rights of the common people, which were in danger of destruction. It has promoted, by every possible means, every reform calculated to maintain justice and secure permanent protection to the hitherto oppressed classes of the country. This course could only intensify the opposition which the conservatives we have alluded to were offering to the best reforms of the day.

The time has arrived when such manœuvrings as this Harrisburg caucus develops must be expected. At an early period of the war an attempt was made to combine the non-progressive, fossil politicians of the country into a party which should conciliate the rebels, put down the anti-slavery sentiment, and give an old-fashioned, orthodox, and conservative government to the country. But events swept onward with such momentum as to grind this movement to powder. When ANDREW JOHNSON apostatized the attempt was again made to restore the Southern oligarchy to political influence by organizing a conservative party. The Philadelphia Convention, which was to effect this, proved to be a magnificent failure. And yet, for a season, the friends of justice and the rights of man felt their cause to be in great peril. The movement was engineered by men of character and influence. So far as mere leadership was concerned it was formidable enough. But the day had passed for mere leadership to prevail. Popular conviction did not follow the movement. The long, derisive laugh of the world was the only greeting this attempt to make a respectable fossil party ever received. The influence and patronage of the President, vast and all constraining as it was, with the influence of able and adroit leaders superadded, was altogether insignificant in power to resist the storm of condemnation and derision.

But old political leaders die hard. Hope of a resurrection does not depart from them even after they are dead and buried. The Democratic party have done what the fossils would built has come too much for such men as Mr. EVARTS. Its sins against light and knowledge have been too gross and glaring. Like the drunkenness of the debauchee, the sinfulness of the miser, or the vulgar ribaldry of the blasphemer, its vices have been so offensive as to excite disgust and give truthful warning of their true tendency and character. They would whitewash the sepulchre of rottenness by prudent garnishing of specious pretentions to better things than it is in their hearts to do.

The opposition which the secret caucus at Harrisburg will attempt to organize will not be the protest of earnest reformers like SUMNER and SCHURZ, but a revival of the old and oft-detested movement to combine the illiberal, non-progressive, and satanic political element into a strong and efficient shape.

We do not deny to Mr. EVARTS and men of his class many good elements of character. They are eminently respectable. They do not consort with the baser sort of the opposition to free government. But they are all the more to be dreaded on that account. If they were more scandalous they would have less power to do harm. But they will not succeed. They are neither cold nor hot, and the decoctions of the Harrisburg caucus will not sit well upon the public stomach. The people will be true to the party which has kept every pledge it ever made to the cause of freedom. The administration has made mistakes, but it has been true, nobly true, to the cause it was put in power to represent, and the friends of that cause will pardon minor mistakes and express their confidence in the most decisive manner when the time to make that expression shall come.

A GOOD APPOINTMENT.

A Washington special to the Cincinnati *Gazette* of yesterday states that the President has tendered the appointment Counsellor for the United States before the International Arbitrators at Geneva, to the Hon. M. R. WAITE, of this city. This will be recognized, by all who are acquainted with Mr. WAITE's high standing as a lawyer and a scholar, as an appointment which will confer honor on the Administration and give satisfaction to the country at large. We are heartily glad that this recognition of Mr. WAITE's eminent ability has been given by the President. The position is a very responsible one, involving the interests of the two leading nations of the world, and requiring not only the highest order of legal learning and ability, but also the most patient and unremitting labor. We can assure the people of this country that the important trust will be in safe hands, should Mr. WAITE accept this appointment. For profound ability, close and conscientious devotion to the interest of his clients, and success in the management of his cases, Mr. WAITE has no superior. The only protest that will be made against this appointment will be from the numerous clients of the appointee, who will be very reluctant to part with services which they have come to consider indispensable.

That Mr. WAITE is not more widely known outside of his profession is owing to his close application to his professional studies and duties, and the modesty which has led him to shrink from political life. He has been wedded to his profession, and is one of its brightest ornaments. The appointment just tendered him is a compliment to his ability and worth, which the people of this section of Ohio will receive with pride and pleasure. We are confident that when Mr. WAITE shall complete his labors he will have built up, not only a national but world wide reputation among the lawyers and publicists of our times.

PAUSING FOR A REPLY.

The Louisville *Courier-Journal* of Monday has the following: "That was a hideous outrage in Clark county, Indiana, last Thursday night. The Ku Klux never did anything more revolting to the boasted civilization of the nineteenth century. But what is the Federal administration going to do about it, and what has the Radical press to say about it? We pause for a reply."

The Radical press was prompt to cry out against the horrible murder, and as prompt to condemn the action of the men who took law in their own hands and executed the criminals. There was no need to ask what the Radical press would say about it, because the words written were before the editor when he wrote the above paragraph. As useless was it to ask the other question because a well organized State Government was putting all its strength to the effort of arresting the criminals on one hand and then to the arrest of the "Ku Klux" as the *Journal* calls them. The facts show that there is a disorderly element in Indiana. Granted. If this element is allowed to ride over the law and because some abandoned men perpetrated a terrible crime, to persecute all of the race to which these men belong, and if this outlawry and persecution was to continue for months, and even years, and the State Government acting good citizens fleeing from its borders and bad men ruling, should admit its inability to remedy the evil, then there would be a demand for a stronger power. And if the protection did not come the *Courier Journal* would be one of the first to howl about the carelessness of an administration that delivered a fertile country to the mercy of lawless bands. As the State Government is acting, and has been acting the question of the *Journal* is not pertinent. The spirit of indignation roused by this outrage in Indiana is held in common with Radical papers. They are as indignant over outrages in other States, and do not hesitate to say so. Outrages in other States have continued, and the people were at the mercy of the Ku Klux. Seeing all these outrages as the *Courier Journal* sees this Indiana outrage, the Radical papers are not weak enough to withhold sympathy from the people, and have not hesitated to pour out condemnation on those who boast of their bad deeds and are proud of the name outlaw. The Ku Klux have no sympathy with the State Government in South Carolina, and are the avowed foes of the National Government. Will the *Courier Journal* deny this and defend them? The pausing for a reply on the part of this short-sighted exponent of Kentucky Democracy was not necessary. Republican papers do not hesitate in such cases, and do not stoop to that partisan littleness that enables Democratic papers to excuse outrage when condemnation of it would tell against their party.

THE NATIONAL CONGREGATIONAL COUNCIL.

On yesterday this large and influential gathering of Christian ministers and laymen concluded its labors, and adjourned. The sessions of yesterday were occupied in discussing the missionary and educational interests of the denomination. An observer of the debates of this council could not but be deeply impressed with the influence which such men as compose this and similar bodies have in sustaining the just and reformatory measures of the Administration. At this council the fidelity of the Executive to the cause of the freedmen, its liberality in the support of popular education at the South, its humanity to the Indians, and, more than all, its masterly and statesmanlike diplomacy in the interests of peace, were all strongly approved and heartily sustained.

In all this there was not the slightest taint of political craft. The Council was not made up of partisans, but of men zealous in the promotion of Christian schemes to do good to the bodies and souls of men. The men who spoke on yesterday, more eloquently and warmly than mere politicians could do, in praise of Gen. GRANT's fidelity to the cause of freedom, of peace among the nations, of education for the masses, and of humanity towards the Indian, were independent men, who would, on occasion, have censured the Administration with equal decision, had it proved unequal to its duty on any of these subjects. We note therefore, as one of the significant facts of the times, the strong confidence of these moral instructors of the people in the men who now control the course of the government. For almost the first time in the history of the government our authorities are in harmony with the benevolent causes which tend to mitigate the evils of the world and to enlighten and elevate humanity. And this confidence, we are proud to say, has been earned without the government moving out of its proper place a single hair's breadth. And what is true of this influential, learned and energetic national assembly, is true of similar bodies representing other denominations. No such body could well meet and deliberate on the subjects which largely occupied the time of this Council without expressing very similar sentiments. This is an indication of the hold which our Executive has on the moral and religious sentiment of the country.

A marked feature of the transactions of this council was the prominence given to educational, missionary and other humanitarian objects, and the subordinate place assigned to dogmatical theology, and speculative opinions in matters of faith. There were discussions about a form of words to fitly express the doctrinal views of the orthodox Congregational Churches, but they constituted the drudgery of the convention, and did not wake up its enthusiasm, as such questions must have done fifty years ago. The fire burned briskly, however, when practical questions were touched. The various benevolent causes connected with this now permanent organization will all be greatly strengthened by the action of this body. An excellent spirit of harmony prevailed throughout, and the best of feeling crowned the last hours of its sessions.

☞ The New York *Bulletin* says that an early close of lake and canal navigation may be expected this season. The great lakes have already been visited by severe frosts, and vessels arriving at the various ports report severely cold weather on Lake Huron, with a great deal of ice in many of the harbors and rivers, and a suspension of navigation may soon be expected. With regard to the canal, we learn from the Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser* that the prospect of an early freeze will have the effect of stopping shipments somewhat sooner than was expected, and bankers will hesitate to make advances on through grain, on account of the danger of its being frozen up in transit. Usually the shipments of grain stop about the 25th or 28th of November, and as most of the shipping engaged in this trade is withdrawing into winter quarters, it is doubtful if much more grain could come forward by canal, even if it should remain open beyond the specified time. Should the closing of canal navigation be unexpectedly sudden, however, much loss would result to shippers from the detention of boats now on their way eastward. A large amount of grain, reported at some six millions of bushels, is now afloat, and more will be shipped as long as there is any chance of getting it through.

PROGRESS OF UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE.

The refusal of the Bohemian Diet to send delegates to the Austrian Reichsrath has compelled the new Chancellor to the bold and startling expedient of issuing a decree proclaiming universal suffrage in Bohemia. The government could not trust the class now invested with the right of suffrage, and hence the ministers throw themselves upon the masses for support.

The Ministry needs authority to levy taxes, which the Reichsrath must give. The refusal of Bohemia and some other provinces to send delegates left the Reichsrath without a quorum, hence the need of some expedient which will conciliate the masses and rally a party to the support of the government. The Emperor would not risk the disturbance and discontent which an attempt to levy taxes without the consent of the Reichsrath would have excited, hence the instincts of self preservation have compelled the government to break down the limitations heretofore imposed on the suffrage, and to enlarge the prerogatives of the common people.

Thus, slowly but surely, are the rights of man asserting themselves, and even absolute monarchs are glad to purchase their chief stay by appealing to the common people for support. The German element in Austria will go to the elections and send delegates which will sustain the Empire. Rights once grasped by the masses can never be wrenched away from them. The effect of this new movement will be anxiously watched by all the nations of the world.

DEATH OF LIEUT. GOV. DUNN.

The telegraph brings the news of the death of Lieutenant Governor Dunn, of Louisiana. He was one of the first colored men of the South elevated to high official position after the inauguration of the era of freedom. Gov. DUNN was a man of marked ability, and as the presiding officer of the Senate of Louisiana commanded the respect of all by the skill and intelligent manner in which he discharged the duties of the chair.—He was the recognized leader of a strong faction of the Republican party, in opposition to Gov. WARMOUTH, and his friends. The fight of the factions has been very bitter, but in all the conflict Gov. DUNN has shown himself a man of power, his influence being very great, not only with the people of his own color, but also with a large body of white Republicans.

☞ We are very glad to hear the opinion expressed from intelligent sources that the destruction of timber by the recent fires in Michigan has been greatly over estimated. The Detroit *Tribune*, which has been at much trouble to ascertain the amount of damage done by the fires, reports that not more than five per cent of the standing pine timber of the State has been touched, and that not more than one per cent of this will be lost. "The balance," says the *Tribune*, "will be mostly cut this winter, at some extra cost in money and labor, but saved from absolute loss and made available for the market at perhaps some diminution of profit to the manufacturer." This opinion is based upon the results of actual surveys, and it may therefore be accepted as approximating the truth, at least. Fortunately, the fires were most destructive in the counties of Huron and Sanilac, from which most of the valuable timber has been cleared off. Other counties have sustained much damage, but the great bulk of the pine timber of Michigan lies to the northwest of these counties, and has almost wholly escaped the ravages of the fires. If the winter proves favorable to lumbering operations, the supply of pine in the market will be unprecedented in quantity, although a good deal of it will be damaged in quality by being more or less burned.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The New York papers are somewhat distressed about the people toadying to the Russian Prince. Just at this time we are in more danger of acting coldly. Alexis comes to America as the highest representative of the Russian Government. He comes from a country more friendly to the United States than are many others that make greater pretensions. He comes to us a modest young gentleman holding the office of Lieutenant in the Russian Navy and honored as a General in the Army. He is not the heir to the throne. So the people are receiving the representative of the Russian Government in the person of the son of the Czar, and the reception should be enthusiastic and earnest. Enthusiasm is not necessarily connected with toadyism. The young man comes to see the country and the people, and as the son of the most liberal-minded sovereign that has ever ruled in Russia, Republican America can well afford to extend to him hearty welcome.

Sir Charles Dilke, in what is called his "great speech against monarchy and the Queen," is greater in ridicule than he is in argument. He spoke to the working classes, and the greater part of his speech was devoted to the personality of the Government, to the Queen and her household. Here is a paragraph: "We have first to deal with the sum sum of £372,000 a year expended upon the privy purse and upon the household, to which add the royal bounty and the royal alms, which amount to £13,000, making up the sum to £385,000. We next have £131,000 of annuities of a similar kind to that which we lately had to consider; the income of the Duchy of Lancaster, £32,000; that of Cornwall, £63,000; the interest on lump sums, such as that given to the Princess Louise, which have been paid to the various members of the family still living, about £10,000—making up £621,000. Steam, packets, insignia, presents such as were given by Prince Alfred in Australia and elsewhere, pensions to royal servants, rangerships of parks not borne upon the civil list, make £7,000 more, and military and naval pay to various members of the family about another £20,000. ("Shame" and hisses). The palaces, omitting Hampton Court, which is a public show place, are £47,000 more. On Windsor Park there is a deficit in the woods and forest account, and that deficit of £12,000 about represents the cost of the keepers, game, and other royal as contrasted with public expenses in reference to the park. This makes £707,000, which is the end of the figures that are of a certain and very tangible character."

This is succeeded by ridicule of the Queen and family, and the measures of the government. He does not argue so much in favor of a Republic as against this particular style of Monarchy. He closes with "If you can show me a fair chance that a republic will be free from the political corruption that hangs about the monarchy, I say for my part—and I believe the middle classes in general will say—let it come." We fail to see much greatness in this speech. It is rather an attack on royalty than anything more, and this is of course much. The Pall Mall *Gazette* remarks, in commenting on the speech, "that the reason for this movement is in the fact that the monarchy no longer keeps itself before the eyes of the people, that it leaves those who cannot estimate its political advantages without substantial evidence of its existence."

More earnest men than Sir Charles Dilke have spoken to Englishmen on this subject, and we think with better effect.

The Nation contends that the famine in Persia is caused by the absence of trees. "Man has stripped the soil of trees, the absence of trees has brought droughts; droughts have slowly diminished the productive powers of the ground, and finally destroyed them the population, in the meantime, dwindling in numbers and vitality." The extent of the famine in Persia, and the helplessness of the people are not to be understood unless we consider that the country is almost a wilderness, that there has been a later years' drought, and that there are no means of rapid transportation to render assistance promptly available, as in a country with a net work of Railroads. Understanding the extent of the misery of two millions of people, and admitting the possibility that the destruction of forests had some influence in bringing this about, how forcible becomes the argument of our scientific men against the destruction of forests. The people are slow to accept theories. Terrible facts, however, strike down opposition as though they were well aimed bullets.

The Louisville *Courier-Journal* having invented the story that there was in the South a powerful organization of wealthy and influential men, acting with the avowed purpose of collecting all the depraved vagabonds of the colored race in those States and sending them North, works itself into a frenzy about the horrors of this spectacle, and the criminality of the movement. These influential Southerners want to get rid of these vagabonds and evidently take delight in precipitating them toward the fabled north star. We see no special need for alarm, if this story should prove true. We could perhaps take care of these criminals as well as others. The funny side of the spectacle comes up with this view, however. If these negroes are criminals and can be caught to be sent North, why can they not be caught to be punished? If they can be caught to be punished, why do not these "influential" self-constituted vagabond catchers restrain their inclination to shoot, cut and slay. The practicing of this restraint will be a terrible trial. They can never endure it. They may conceive such a scheme, but they can never carry it out. And so this "last mirage" disappears in smoke.

Mexico, according to recent official reports, has a population of 9,176,083. The property is valued at $341,030,557 which is said to be about one-third the real value. There are in the country 216 miles of railroads and 1,642 miles of telegraph. In the United States we have nearly sixty thousand miles of railroad. People move rapidly, business runs in rapid currents, and troubles are met promptly. A great commercial city is destroyed by fire and the people reach it with material aid in twenty-four hours. Short supplies in food in one section cannot cause misery while there are abundant supplies in other sections. Railroads quicken civilization. The United States moves forward at railroad speed. Mexico, with her 216 miles of Railroad, struggles as a slow coach.

GOSSIP.

George Elliot's new story announced for *Every Saturday*, will be published in *Harper's Weekly*.

Brick Pomeroy and Sunset Cox are the two largest contributors to the Lee monument fund in New York, though the former only gave $10.

Gov. Hayes is having built in Duluth, the Chicago of Minnesota, a block of brick buildings, at a cost of $35,000. So say the papers.

The Chillicothe *Gazette* says that O. F. Baldwin, Esq., a citizen of Chillicothe, in 1839-40, who was a lawyer and distinguished speaker in 1840, is now connected with the Baltimore *Sun*, as one of its editors.

Charlotte Cushman, after her Boston engagement, will go to Philadelphia, and after closing there will retire permanently from the stage.

A life of Professor S. F. B. Morse, the inventor of the magnetic telegraph, has been written by Mrs. F. G. Fairchild, under the personal supervision of its subject, and the book will appear from the press of the Harpers in a few weeks.

The latest attempt to realize the *multum in parvo* is a projected abridgement of Appleton's New American Cyclopædia into a single quarto volume, like Webster's great Dictionary.

Gen. W. W. Burns of the U. S. Army, son of Hon. Joseph Burns, of Coshocton, has recovered the sum of $100,000 from the United States Government, as royalty upon his patent known as the "Sibley Tent."

John D. Clarke, of Clarke county, has been offered $25,000 for his five-year old stallion, Mohawk, Jr., who trotted his mile over the Buckeye Course, near Cincinnati, on the 3d inst., in 2:23.

Isaac Pitman, the inventor of phonography, resides in Bath, England, and, besides attending to his phonographic business, owns and conducts a large printing establishment and edits the *Phonetic Journal*. He is also a prominent member of the temperance, anti-tobacco, vegetarian and Swedenborgian societies.

F. W. Loring, a victim of the late Indian attack on a stage coach in Arizona, was not the captain of the Harvard crew that rowed in English waters, as the New York *Evening Post* and *Times* incorrectly state, but a young man whose reputation was one strictly of brains, and one whom Charles Reade lately characterized as the most promising young man in America.

The whole number of students in the University of Wilmington, Del., at this time, is 1,113, and still coming in. They are distributed in the different departments as follows: Literary 500, of which 23 are ladies; law 300, of whom 8 are ladies; medical 215, of which 32 are ladies; making 58 ladies in the university.

The advocates of woman suffrage have an earnest champion in John A. Campbell, Governor of Wyoming Territory. In his message to the Legislature, promulgated Thursday, he recommends that the law permitting women to vote and to hold office, be not repealed. He says women have made good jurors and competent office holders.

Jean Ingelow, writing of her "Stories Told to a Child," says: "In this book is the first story I ever wrote. It is about an American and treats of perseverance. Prophetic, was it not, that an American should figure in my story when I so little thought I should ever be read on your side the water?"

Women now manage most of the public libraries in Massachusetts.

A woman voted last week in Detroit and nobody objected.

A Wisconsin man reported that he couldn't find a word in the dictionary, because "the blasted book hadn't got an index."

To some women a novel is as necessary a stimulant as a cigar or a drink is to a man.

The New York *Herald* has a long letter on "The Pennsylvania Dutch—How They Farm, Fodder and Fructify."

Mrs. DeWolf Rogers has given a collection of rare books, valued at $5,000, besides $10,000 in money, to the Redwood Library at Newport, Rhode Island.

In the last libel suit against a newspaper in Texas, damages were laid at $12,000 and the jury awarded sixty cents.

It is estimated that 3,000 pianos were destroyed in the Chicago fire, besides $1,500,000 worth of other instruments.

An imposter, pretending to be no less a personage than Andrew Johnson, ex-President of the United States, has been arrested and sentenced to one month's imprisonment at Ancona, in Italy.

Two young ladies from Boston distributed Labor Reform ballots at Brighton, at the election on Tuesday, but succeeded in disposing of but twelve. They were treated with great gallantry, but the voters were very shy of their tickets.

The New York Board of Health feel no uneasiness about cholera, but profess to have relative to small pox; but only eight new cases have occurred in the whole city since last Saturday.

People laugh at the "New York Central Woman's Suffrage Organization" for making a man chairman of the "standing committee." That's all right everywhere, especially in ferryboat cabins and street cars.

Comptroller Green notifies the street and sewer contractors of New York that hereafter thirty per cent of the estimates will be retained until the completion of their contracts, in order to secure completion according to terms.

A very remarkable compliment was paid on Tuesday to Hon. I. V. Baker, Sr., Senator elect from the Rensselaer district. He received every vote of his election district but one, which was cast by a man who had been arrested for larceny on complaint of I. V. Baker, Jr., some time.

Miss Lillie Devereux Blake, in her new lecture on "Modern Heroism," says that it requires as much courage for a woman to avow herself as being in favor of woman suffrage when in the midst of a fashionable assembly, as it does for a man to command a battery.

Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, contemplates visiting Cuba during the coming winter, and it is quite probable that he will also go to England. He expects to start in December.

The Republican Central Committee of the city of New York has decided to appoint a committee of 21 to decide what legislation will be proper for the Republicans of the city to urge on the State Legislature.

An old lady, walking with her two grown daughters on a moonlight night, displayed her knowledge of astronomy by pointing heavenward and exclaiming: "Oh, my dears, do look at them beautiful stars, Juniper and March."

Miss Ella Dunlap, of Champaign, Illinois, daughter of Hon. M. L. Dunlap, of the Chicago *Tribune*, is an enthusiastic apiarian. She commenced with forty-five stands of bees, and now has one hundred. All of the increase is by artificial swarming.

Sir Howard Crittenden, a son of the late Hon. A. P. Crittenden (killed by Mrs. Fair,) died very suddenly at Fort Ross, Sonoma county, California, on the 23d of October, of congestion of the lungs. Young Mr. Crittenden was 28 years of age.

Celia Burleigh, in a letter of advice to women, says: "Beware of elaborate tea-drinkings. Let 'plain living and high thinking' be your motto; make an overloaded table as unfashionable as it is offensive to good taste. Keep your brain clear with temperate living, your hearts warm with Christian charity, your hands busy with good works."

A party of practical bridge builders now in St. Louis have made a proposition to construct a span bridge across the Mississippi river at Carondelet, or South St. Louis, six miles south of the Court House, agreeing to complete it within two years at a cost not exceeding $2,000,000.

The Nathan mansion in New York, which has been under the ban of the great tragedy for over a year, has at last been purchased by courageous John Morrissey, who will fit it up in the highest style of club-house art, having no faith in the power of ghosts to injure gamblers' profits.

The Hartford (Conn.) *Courant* chronicles the death of a Mr. Gillett, of Torrington, who had been a subscriber to that paper for forty-six years. The father of the deceased first subscribed for the paper in 1773, and continued as such subscriber for fifty-three years, when he died, and the son commenced his subscription, the paper thus having been in the family for ninety-nine years. All the numbers of the paper are now in possession of the family.

Carlyle's works, in the six-shillings-a-volume edition, were having almost no sale, and the old grumbler had made up his mind that the present generation did not appreciate him. But his publishers persuaded him to let them issue a two-shilling edition, and "Sartor Resartus" alone has, in the first three months, sold 56,000 copies. Perhaps the gentleman will look at the world more hopefully now.

The Indian who lassoed the locomotive, and was thereby transported to the happy hunting grounds, has lately had a rival in a brother red man, who, after a too free indulgence in "fire water," built his wigwam on the railroad, near St. Paul, Minn., but had most disastrous luck in attempting to stop a freight train.

It has been discovered that certain mean scoundrels belonging to towns in the neighborhood of Chicago have gone to that place, drawn clothing and received free passes to go to New York and other Eastern places, on the pretense that they were made destitute by the fire.

In a suit for damages for breach of promise of marriage, brought by a Memphis colored woman against a man of her race, the plaintiff mentions two hundred and forty-nine dollars as the proper compensation. It would be interesting to know the data and rules of value on which this obviously careful estimate is based.

Mrs. Berry, of the Boston Children's Mission, is described as one of the most active Christian women in the world. During the past year she has made 1,561 visits to the poor, lined and trimmed 100 hats and bonnets, cut out 851 garments, and made two visits to another State, where homes were found for nineteen destitute children.

CHICAGO.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

[From the Atlantic Monthly, for December.]

Men said at vespers: All is well!
In one wild night the city fell;
Red shrines of prayer and marts of gain
Before the fiery hurricane.

On threescore spires had sunset shone,
Where ghastly sunrise looked on none;
Men clasped each other's hands, and said
The City of the West is dead!

Brave hearts who fought, in slow retreat,
The fiend of fire from street to street,
Turned, powerless, to the blinding glare,
The dumb defiance o despair.

A sudden impulse thrilled each wire
That signaled round that sea of fire:—
Swift words of cheer, warm heart-throbs came;
In tears of pity died the flame!

From East, from West, from South, and North,
The messages of hope shot forth,
And underneath the severing wave,
The world, in all handed, reached to save.

Fair seemed the old; but fairer still
The new the dread void shall fill,
With dearer homes than those o'er-brown,
For love shall lay each corner-stone.

Rise, stricken city!—from thee throw,
The ashen sackcloth of thy woe;
And build, as Thebes to Amphion's strain,
To songs of cheer thy walls again!

How shriveled, in thy hot distress,
The primal sin of selfishness!
How instant rose, to take thy part,
The angel in the human heart!

Ah! not in vain the flames that tossed
Above thy dreadful holocaust;
The Christ again has preached through thee
The gospel of humanity!

Then lift once more thy towers on high,
And fret with spires the Western sky,
To tell that God is with us,
And love is still miraculous!

John Queen—Free Born.

Col. FORNEY in the last issue of his paper relates the following:

Among the thousand novel incidents of emancipation, one of curious interest, familiar to myself and many others, may be related:

John Queen was a light mulatto, five feet ten inches high, about thirty-five years of age. He had lived a slave in Anne Arundel county, in the State of Maryland, and several years before emancipation obtained his free papers. He was harmless, quiet and inoffensive; but when he was jokingly told that the traders were coming to take him back to slavery his eyes would flash, and his whole demeanor would change. He would exclaim: "Dey neber take me back to slabery. I die in de blood first, I die in de blood, *cut out dere heart, cut dere liber*, Is'e free born, I tell you, Is'e free born;" and when asked to show his papers, he would repeat something like these words: "Do you know de H——d's?" "Yes, I know them." "Do you know Squire C——?" referring to certain old Maryland families. "Do you mind de mornin' old Squire H—— said, 'Go John, go down to de stable, hitch up old Baldy and de silber gray, put em in de coach, go to 'Napolis to make out de free papers?' Den old Squire H—— came down, all dressed up, dressed in black silk breeches, silber buckle on de knee, silber buckle in de shoes, hair powdered, hanging down de back; John Queen jump on de step behind de coach, and den we all go to 'Napolis. When we got dare we all go to de court, and dare, in de face of de whole court, Squire H—— he kiss de book and do declare dat John Queen is a free-born." Upon being asked to show his papers, which he never would consent to do, the poor half-witted fellow, who had long years before committed them and locked them in his memory, while he himself did keep the key, in a monotonous, recitative repeated something like the following, never varying in the slightest degree, and always reiterating "dat I'se free-born": "In de State of Maryland, de Ann Arundel county, and de Anno Domini, in de year of our Lord, de one tousand and de eight hundred and de forty-seven. In de face of de whole court, I do now declare dat John Queen, who is five feet ten inches in de height, wid de long, straight, black hair, yeller in complexion, wid a mole on de right upper lip, which is de free born, in de testimony whereof I do hereby, in de State of Maryland, in de county of Ann Arundel in de year of our Lord, de anno Domini one thousand eight hundred and forty-seven, set my hand and de great seal of de court, and do hereby now declare dat de aforessaid John Queen is free born."

John never paused until he finished this indubitable proof of his freedom, and always seemed to glean satisfaction from having the original in his possession, which he said he never would part from save with his heart's blood. Only a few evenings ago I heard this incident described in the presence of some of the connections of the Maryland families referred to, and they instantly recognized the picture and the persons preserved in the memory of this simple freedman. If I suppress the names it is only because it is unnecessary to revive individual relations to a system which does no credit to those who subsisted upon it, however unconsciously or innocently.

SHORT SUGAR CROP.—The New Orleans *Picayune* of October 28, states that instead of the sugar crop giving a full yield, as was sometime ago generally expected, it turns out that the season has been one of the most disastrous known for many years. It says that the stubble cane suffered extensively from frost last winter, and seed cane was much injured. The long continued rains of early summer laid an embargo on field operations. One farmer did but a day and a half's work in his field during the whole month of June, and the story of one is the history of many. A more unpropitious season for the working of the crop has not been encountered, it is alleged, for many years. A number of planters will not grind at all, and not a few who commenced rolling have abandoned the venture on account of the yield. Some fields, it is said, do not give half a hogshead to the acre.

Here is an extract from the letter of a young lady in Chicago to her affianced in Washington: "We expect to have a new house built in a few weeks, just around the corner from where we formerly resided. I am very glad you did not come to this city when you intended, for then you would be as the rest of us, half scared to death. Father was up at the time, and saved two suits of clothes (the one he had on and another), but we, that is Mary, Jeannette and I, were less lucky. You would be surprised to see me, the morning after we were driven out of the house, with a pair of Jim's old pants on, one slipper, one shoe, and a waterproof cloak. This was, indeed, my complete outfit, and it was not until yesterday that I received some other clothes from my cousin Mary, who sent them from Cincinnati. That would have made a splendid wedding suit, wouldn't it?"

Wayne county boys make economical wedding tours. A few days since a jolly wedding party, consisting of two ladies and two gentlemen, drove up to the United States Hotel, in Wooster, in attractive buggies with fine horses. The party, after enjoying themselves some hours in the parlor, when noon arrived betook themselves to the barn yard, and took from the buggies a mid-day meal, which they enjoyed heartily. There was only horse feed to pay for. They should have taken oats for their horses, too.

In the United States District Court in Baltimore, recently, in the case of John W. Field (colored) against the Baltimore City Passenger Railway, the plaintiff recovered $40 damages. In consequence of this decision, negroes are now admitted into all street cars of this city. Field was ejected on account of his color.

Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, NOV. 17, 1871.

When Congress comes together, the members will find Washington looking towards an advanced position and claiming something on the score of enterprise which she has not hitherto claimed. It has been our habit to lean on the Government; and hitherto we have been wholly subservient to the idea that Washington was the capital of the United States. But its rapid growth and its great increase of local business have put it on a "new departure" and it has determined to set up business on its own account and to have a character of its own.

Our new Board of Public Works, which operates over the whole District, have struck out a comprehensive system of public improvements, including the paving of streets, the construction of sewers, the establishment of new grades, the making of parks where the streets are too broad, the cutting of new roads through the country districts, the widening and paving of sidewalks, the planting of trees, &c., &c., the expenses of which are to be covered by the four million loan, and for the inauguration of which a million and a half has already been raised and expended.

The idea of the distant country seems to be that Washington is a little anxious of buildings for the accommodation of Congress, and that Uncle Sam can gobble it up at any moment, cram it into his ample pockets and march off with it to some unknown and undefined locality under the Rocky Mountains. But this idea might as well be dropped out of the popular mind. It it has been true in the past it is not to be true in the future. The Capital was never growing so rapidly as now, and never before showed so much confidence in its own stability. The new growth does not consist, as formerly, of little inconvenient wooden buildings scattered about on reservations and vacant lots, but of substantial rows of elegant edifices of solid brick and mortar with all the "modern improvements," and which it will not be handy to trundle off to the West. It is therefore to be hoped that Congress will look on us with a little more favor and not talk so glibly about mixing us up with Toledo, St. Louis, Cheyenne or the singed and blackened city of the Lake.

I mentioned that a number of distillers were here to consult with the Finance Committee of the Senate in regard to a change of the whiskey tax. I do not know that they desire a reduction of the tax, although it is contended in some quarters that such a reduction would be wise. But I understand that the main object is to get the tax consolidated. It is now divided into parts with a great deal of cumbrous machinery which is perplexing and annoying, without any compensating advantage. There is, for instance, a tax of 50 per cent. per gallon on the spirits produced; then there is a tax of $4 per barrel of 40 gallons; then there is a tax on the producing capacity of the distillery ($2 for every 20 bushels.) These various taxes the distillers desire to have simplified and combined into one; and I learn that the new Commissioner and the Secretary of the Treasury will favor such a movement.

I said, in one of my letters, that the movement of the St. Louis Democratic leaders against any nomination for President by the Democratic party, would not meet the views of the great body of the party; but it now looks as if I should have to back down from that position. I see that the St. Louis *Republican*, (the leading Democratic authority of the West,) is astonished at the favor with which its article has been received, and I credit the rumor that some of the strongest Democratic leaders are disposed to accept the Tammany explosion as the death knell of the party, and are now willing to hitch what remains of the exploded thing to the coat tail of any respectable Republican that promises the best show of resistance to President Grant. The plan is, as you have heard, to make no Democratic nomination, but to allow the masses of the late Tammany household to vote for a bolting Republican. So we shall have a pretty respectable bolt, with Carl Schurz *et al.* as stage managers.

Our District election takes place next Wednesday, and a good deal of bitterness has been engendered between Republicans in some of the districts; but I do not hear any doubt expressed of the general success of the Republicans. The election is only for members of the House of Delegates.

The near approach of the long session of Congress makes a lively demand for houses and furnished rooms, and it is said that, notwithstanding the numerous buildings that have been erected within the last year, the demand is greater than the supply.

The National Republican Executive Committee are moving in reference to the Presidential nomination, and are to have a meeting in this city on the 11th of January, to agree on the time and place for the National convention.

Our autumn is drawing to a close and winter approaches so gradually that we scarcely perceive the change. September was colder than usual, but October and November have been studded with brilliant days, and the season on the whole has been one of rare sweetness and beauty. BUCKEYE.

CHICAGO LETTER.

[WRITTEN for the BLADE.]

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 20, 1871.

EDITOR BLADE:—The indomitable will and recuperative energy of the citizens of this fire devastated city, is beyond all comprehension. Personal intercourse with sufferers by the fire, fails to develope any—other than as the occurrence of something a *shade* above an ordinary event—particular depression of spirits, because of losses met with by the great conflagration. Removal of debris and rubbish preparatory to building is fast divesting the ruins of their picturesqueness, and but a short time will elapse when they will have almost entirely disappeared, and exist only in memory.

The busy workmen, rain or shine, have taken the place of sight seers, and buildings of almost every description are being erected on every hand. Something of a strife has been going on between the owners of former business centers, and those who would like their now vacant property to become such—much discussion pro and con—as to the proper location of the public buildings, has grown out of it; but so far as the latter is concerned, it now appears to be quite well settled, that these buildings will be erected upon their former sites.—Many of the prominent corners will be occupied as heretofore, by their former tenants, as soon as accommodations can be provided for them. None of the hotels, except perhaps the Newman, will be rebuilt; others, however, are projected in different localities, mostly further south, or in the vicinity of where those latterly erected, stood.

Potter Palmer's new hotel, which was making good progress at the time of the fire, is being pushed to completion as fast as possible. Some of his former prominent buildings are said to be under contract for re-building—to be finished next year. Owners of buildings occupied by themselves for business purposes, are mostly re-building. Tenants only, will pretty generally get into new locations—mainly because their former places will not be got ready until after their necessities will have compelled them to get settled elsewhere. Just now, the prominent firms are occupying temporary quarters on State street, Michigan av. Wabash avenues. The lake front of the former, which has heretofore been entirely unoccupied, is now covered with a motley kind of wooden structures, one story in height, as wide as the occupants could persuade the authorities to permit them to have, and extending lakewards as far as the water will permit.

Quite a number of brick buildings of considerable size are going up—on the south side burnt district—the weather continuing unusually favorable for the work, every day being improved to the utmost, in anticipation of a "freeze-up."

The insurance companies—that is the solvent ones—are adjusting their losses, and paying them with all possible rapidity, consistent with a proper examination of the claims. The funds derived from this source, have been and will be, the financial salvation of many a sufferer. Some of the companies that have gone into liquidation, have representatives here adjusting their losses, preparatory to a division of assets, all of them apparently doing their utmost to "pan out," as much as possible, to policy holders.

Several of the solvent companies have temporarily withdrawn their agencies, owing to inadequate rates and the unsatisfactory nature of the business offered. Most of the local companies have gone into the hands of receivers, who will no doubt enforce as far as possible the payment of notes given for stock, aggregating in amounts from one hundred thousand to three millions dollars.

Some comment has been occasioned by an attempt, instigated by Governor Palmer, to indict General Sheridan, Mayor Mason, and others, more or less connected with the killing of Col. Grosvenor, by one of the volunteers on duty after the fire. The Grand Jury have so far failed to find a bill against the persons implicated, and the Governor has set forth all the correspondence relating to the affair in his message, just submitted to the Legislature, which referred it to a select committee and have not yet ordered it printed, as usual with such documents. Tersely summed up, "The Governor is technically right, but momentarily wrong."

The Relief Society continues its good work, and while no doubt, many undeserving ones have been supplied with means they ought not to have had, the great amount of aid afforded is almost a marvel. From a report just published, it appears that over 14,000 families have been helped, over 5000 houses furnished, and more than 7000 stoves, and upward of 14,000 mattrasses bought.

One peculiarity of the burnt district is the total absence of sidewalks, and gas-lamps; pedestrians are obliged to travel along the streets side by side, with vehicles of every description, jostled and pushed hither and thither, to keep out of the way and danger of being run over, and counting themselves lucky, if they escape a bespattering of mud and filth of the streets.

The fire ordinance, so-called—now under consideration by the city council—proposes to divide the city into two fire districts. In district No. 1, no building will be permitted, unless constructed of brick, stone, iron or other non-combustible material, with walls at least one foot in thickness; the casement walls shall be at least twenty inches thick; no cornice, coping, bay-window, or other projection, shall be allowed from the walls or roof of such building, which shall be of an inflammable nature. No manufactory, wherein wood shavings are made, nor any manufactory of matches, varnishes, coal oil, breweries, or distilleries, will be allowed within this district.

District No 2 includes all that part of the city not included in number one, and it is intended to exclude the above named kind of manufactories unless built of fire proof material, and all houses are required to be detached at least five feet.

The market for "relics" continues active, but the supply is rather in excess of the demand. Prices are less firm, with a downward tendency. Some dealers, however, continue firm in their demands, and decline offers at figures very much below fire prices. Buyers are offish, and there is a prospect of a sharp decline, if not a panic.

VISTULA.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

A New York evening paper says Chas. O'Connor denies that he expressed the opinion that Tweed would not be punished. He believes that he will be brought to justice.

The Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad will be finished between Huntington and Charleston, W. Va., this week. Cars will commence running the 4th day of December.

Early Tuesday morning a man was discovered lying drunk on the sidewalk on Broadway, N. Y., with eleven thousand dollars in money on his person and scattered about him, ten thousand in South Carolina bonds.

At a meeting of the stockholders of the Cleveland & Pittsburg Railroad Company in Cleveland, Tuesday, the lease of that Road to the Pennsylvania Central R. R. Company was ratified by a large majority.

It is stated that facts are ascertained that heavy frauds on the Brooklyn City Treasury have been perpetrated on the ring there, by which some $20,000 were illegally drawn by the Fire Commissioners.

The Young Men's Christian Association of Indianapolis dedicated their hall, purchased about one year ago, Tuesday evening. Vice President Colfax and ex-Senator Hendricks were present and addressed the Association.

The following appointments were made by the President Tuesday. Francis A. Walker, present Superintendent of the Census, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, M. W. Reynolds, Receiver of Public Money at Humboldt.

General Francis A. Walker, who was appointed Commissioner of Indian Affairs, will, by designation of the Secretary of the Interior, continue to act as Superintendent of Census until its completion.

The Commissioner of Internal Revenue rules that the principal and interest of the new bonds are exempt from taxation in any form, and that the interest received will not be included in the amount upon which dividend or other taxes are required to be paid.

Last Saturday a number of Chicago bricklayers demanded five dollars and fifty cents per day. This was in many cases acceded to, and on Monday they made a new demand for six dollars per day, and if not acceded to they proposed to quit.

A London special despatch from Versailles says the Commission for the arbitration of the Alabama claims, will assemble at Geneva on December 12th, and that sittings may continue all winter. About five hundred claims are to be presented for the consideration of the Commission.

The human remains found Monday evening in the basement of the Chicago *Tribune* building have been identified as those of J. B. Stubbs, a reporter of the Chicago *Republican*. He was last seen on the morning of the fire near the building and has not been heard from since.

At the annual meeting, Monday, of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad the old board of directors was re-elected, the only change being in the election of John King, Jr., to fill the place of the late Albert Schumaker. The annual report shows that the revenue of the road and its branches for the fiscal year is $12,867,829 an increase over the previous year of $1,717 158

The investigation of the management of Mr C. C. P. Holden of Chicago relief funds, has developed the fact that that gentleman turned over to the Treasurer all the money in his hands. This fully exonerates him from the charge of misappropriation which was freely made during Mr. Holden's candidacy for Mayor, it is due to him to say that he stands acquitted of this and other charges in the eyes of that community.

Treasurer Spinner, in his annual report, complains of increasing delay on the part of some banks in making returns and payment of the duty. He recommends that the percentage upon such duty be added to it for every ten days' delay after the month allowed by law. He reports the receipts for the fiscal year, including balance, $149 502 471; in the Treasury June 30th, 1870, were $980,904 849; expenditures, $870 986 782; balance in the Treasury June 30th, 1871, $109 917,477; total number of national banks June 30th, 1871, was 1,839. By virtue of the authority vested in the President by the Internal Revenue act of July, 1871, he has ordered that the supervisory district, comprising the States of Alabama and Mississippi be annexed to and united with the State of Tennessee, and hereafter constitute but one supervisory district, the order to take effect on and after December first.

The extensive flour mill of Smith Brothers, at Rock Falls, Illinois, was burned on Thursday last. Loss $35 000.

Returns from nearly all the counties in Wisconsin give Washburne, Republican, for Governor, 9 647 majority. Returns from other counties will not materially change the above figures.

An executive committee of fifty has been appointed to investigate the charges of fraud in Brooklyn. The city government has requested the Common Council to furnish such facilities as will enable the committee to accomplish its purpose.

It is expected that before the end of January, 1872, France will have ten army corps completely organized and fully equipped with improved arms, posted at the great military centres of the country.

At the annual meeting of the Methodist Missionary Society, in New York, the officers elected for the ensuing year were: Bishop Morris, President; Bishops Janes, Scott, Simpson, Baker, Ames, and others, Vice Presidents; and Rev. Thos. Carlton, Treasurer.

A large, Radical meeting, which was attended by four thousand people, was held in the city of Bristol on Saturday evening. Sir Charles Dilke addressed the assemblage. There was much uproar and fighting during the meeting, and the band was prevented from playing the national anthem, "God save the Queen."

The New York *Evening Post* says it is assured that Mayor Hall's course, as shown in the appointment of Green for Comptroller, and other acts, indicates that he has resolved to surrender entirely to the reform movements, to appoint all vacancies heartily approved by the leading reformers.

At the meeting of the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund Monday in New York, chairman Bradley called attention to the alleged payment of $75,000 to tax Commissioner Sands as per centage allowed him for negotiating a loan, and said he knew no authority permitting the Comptroller to authorize negotiations of such loan. The Comptroller was directed to report on the matter at the next meeting.

Specie shipments from New York on Tuesday were $38 000 in silver.

CHICAGO, Nov. 20.—The grand jury of the Circuit Court which has been sitting for a week past, closed their labors to-day. Before being discharged they made a report upon the issue between Governor Palmer and Mayor Mason in relation to the military occupation of the city during and following the fire, and the efforts of Governor Palmer to have Mayor Mason, Lieut. Gen. Sheridan, Col. Frank T. Sherman, and others indicted for the killing of Col. Grosvenor. The grand jury in their report decline to say that they fully endorse and commend the action of Mayor Mason in calling to his aid the services of Lieutenant General Sheridan; that they honor the wise discretion of the Mayor in thrusting aside the petty vanity of place and position and summoning to his side the wisest counsels in our midst, and availing himself of their powerful aid in the appalling emergencies of the late great conflagration. In their opinion the thanks of the community are due to the General of the army for the timely and efficient aid he afforded in co-operation with the regular police force of our city; recognizing in his efforts no spirit of usurpation of law, but on the contrary an unselfish desire to do a duty that the emergency of the hour demanded, the assumption of which was a great relief to the anxiety of the people.

SALT LAKE, Nov. 21.—The United States District Court resumed its sessions this morning, Judge McKean presiding. The cases of the people vs John Reding, assault with intent to kill; James Harrington for murder; John Allen for murder, and Daniel H. Wells, for lewd and lascivious cohabitation, were passed by consent of the counsel.

In the case of Brigham Young for lewd and lascivious cohabitation, Hon Chas. H. Hempstead moved that the trial be continued to the March term. The Prosecuting Attorney objected to this, remarking that we only know through the public newspapers that he has passed beyond the jurisdiction of this Court, or at least out of this Judicial District, why he is under recognition here to appear from day to day, and not depart from the court without leave. If the gentlemen desire a continuance, in that case it will demand a showing on affidavit. Mr. Hempstead rejoined that his client was not absent and did not intend to absent himself from the Territory, but being in ill health he had gone South, as had been his custom for several years past, and further, on this occasion he had gone with the entire approval of his counsel, and whenever the case might be set for trial he (Brigham Young) would be personally present in court to answer all charges that might be brought against him. Mr. Hempstead concluded by assuring the court that Brigham Young had not fled from the territory nor the jurisdiction of the court, nor did he intend to do so. He will be here, said Mr. Hempstead, any time that his presence may be required, relying upon his counsel to make the statement that I now make, that he is not desirous of coming here in the cold weather, because his health is feeble. If the interests of the public service require it, he will be here at any time required by your honor. The counsel for the prosecution objected to a postponement, saying they were ready now. Judge McKean said: I will not at present either grant the motion or set down the case for any particular day. I will hold that under advisement. In the cases of William Mickman, Dr. Wells, Hosea Stout, M. Meacham, William Kimball, and others for murder; Henry Lawrence, Orrice R. Hales and R. B. Kumer Clawson, for lewd and lascivious cohabitation, the motion for continuance was granted till next Monday. An indictment against Clawson, who is the Superintendent of the Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institute, was found to-day. In the case of Thomas Hawkins, Mr. Baskin asked for a mittimus to commit the prisoner to the penitentiary, and the matter was taken under advisement.

The great mining suit of the Eureka Mining Company against Aspinwall, of New York, and others, was decided this morning at Provo, by the jury for the plaintiff. The contest was for the title to the King David. It is said that Page and others, who sold the mines to Aspinwall, put up a job, knowing they had no title. The next trial, which commences to-morrow, is for the May and Henrietta. Both mines are immensely valuable, and the suits in regard to them are the most important that ever occurred in the Territory. The weather is cold, and the canons are full of snow.

AKRON, O., Nov. 21.—John H. Hunter, the murderer of old Mr. and Mrs. Gargett, at Richfield, Ohio, on the 27th of May last, was hanged to-day. Hunter went from Grafton county, Michigan, to renew an engagement with Chloe Gargett, which had been broken by her, and on the refusal of her parents to permit him to enter their house, shot them and tried ineffectually to kill their daughter. During his incarceration he has maintained a spirit of bravado, and attempted to convey the impression that he was insane, but after a thorough examination by medical experts was pronounced entirely sane. He undertook to commit suicide yesterday by cutting an artery, but was discovered and the design frustrated. He has refused all sustenance since Monday morning. Hunter was entirely unmanned when informed that his time had come, and had to be supported to the scaffold. After passages from scripture were read and prayer offered, he made a rambling speech, in which he said he did not commit the murder premeditatedly, and called on all to forgive him as he forgave all. At eleven forty-five the spring was touched, and the drop fell, Hunter falling about six feet, dislocating the spinal column. In seventeen minutes his pulse stopped. After the body was cut down, several physicians examined his brain and found it perfect, no signs of insanity being apparent.

NEW YORK, Nov. 21.—The Mary Powell, with fully six hundred persons on board, including all the members of the Reception and Executive Committee of the Grand Duke, left her moorings at half-past 11 precisely, and steamed down the bay to view the Russian and United States fleets, all the vessels of which presented a grand appearance, being decked with colors of all nations from stem to stern. The upper bay was filled with steamers and sailing vessels, and the booming of cannon, blowing of whistles and dipping of colors, gave to the whole scene an animated appearance. As the Mary Powell rounded the battery she ran along side of the U. S. frigate Congress, and took on board Rear Admiral Rowan and staff, and Capt. Davenport of the Congress. As the officers left the frigate the band on board the Powell played "Hail Columbia." The Powell then steamed up along side of the Svetland and the boat was sent for Minister Catacazy and the Russian Consul, G. Bodesca, and their secretaries, who went aboard the Svetland to inform the Grand Duke that the reception committee awaited his arrival on board the Powell to tender to him the hospitalities of the city. The Duke accepted the invitation, and immediately went on board the Powell, accompanied by Catacazy, the Consul General, and others. He was received by Gen. Aspinwall and the Ex. Committee, who formed in line on the lower deck, while the Duke passed through to the upper saloon. Arriving there, the Duke was received by the entire reception committee, Gen John A. Dix delivering the address of welcome, as follows:

THE ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS:—The citizens of New York are glad to welcome you to the United States. We are glad to welcome one who represents his Imperial Highness, the Czar of Russia. We are glad to welcome a representative of the Power for which we have so much respect, and feeling and confidence. We are not so old as European nations, as our civilization dates back but one hundred years, but among our institutions and customs you will no doubt find many things to admire and to carry back to your own country. We are glad that you are here to carry to his Imperial Highness, your father, the well wishes of this Government. Again, Isay, we welcome you to our shores.

The Grand Duke replied as follows:

THE GRAND DUKE'S REPLY.

GEN. DIX, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I present my warmest thanks for the kind feelings to which, on behalf of the people of this great city, you have given expression. The feelings between the United States and Russia are as strong as they are lasting, and never can be broken. I shall pass rapidly through New York to pay my respects to the President of the United States, whose high character is greatly appreciated in Russia. But when I return to New York I shall have great pleasure in accepting the kind hospitality which has been so generously extended to me. I thank you heartily.

A line was then formed in the upper saloon from end to end, the Grand Duke taking his station at the stern of the boat to receive the guests, who were introduced to him by Mr. Henry Clews. The Mary Powell steamed down the bay as far as the narrows and then turned to proceed to the battery, where the Grand Duke landed and was received by Gen. Shaler and escorted to his carriage, when the military procession immediately started.

LONDON, Nov. 20.—The vessels sunk in the Mersey with all on board, are the Mary Baker of Boston, bound from Liverpool for Bermuda, and the British ship Arrow, from Sierre Leone for Liverpool.

Despatches from Constantinople report that cool, clear weather now prevails there, and that the cholera is decreasing daily.

OBERLIN, November 20.—The afternoon session of the Council opened at the usual hour in the Second Church. After prayer by Rev. Mr. Waggoner, short addresses upon the condition of the Congregational work in the South were made.

The resolutions presented in the morning in connection with which these remarks were made, were then voted upon and adopted.

The resolutions presented were adopted, providing for the appointment of a committee of seven to investigate into the possibility of co-operation of the benevolent organizations of different denominations in order to reduce the general expenses and increase the facilities for the accomplishment of the common work of all, the committee to report at the next triennial session of the Council.

The next important business of the Council was the adoption of the by-laws drawn up by the Committee appointed during the session. The more important of these by-laws, as finally adopted, read as follows:

1. In all its official acts and records, this body shall be designated as the National Council of the Congregational Church of the United States.

The Provisional Committee shall consist of seven persons by appointment, with the addition of Secretary, Registrar and Treasurer of the Council, ex officio. The Committee shall decide upon the precise time and place at which the Council shall convene; it shall select topics regarding the Christian work of churches and persons to prepare papers thereon. The provisional committee may fill vacancies occurring in the office of the committees during the intervals of the sessions, persons so appointed to serve until the next session.

The Council will welcome correspondence by interchange of delegates with general Congregational bodies in other countries, and with general ecclesiastical organizations of churches of evangelical faith in this country.

The term congregational, as applied to general benevolent societies in connection with representation in this body, is to be understood in the broad sense of societies, whose constituency and support are substantially congregational.

Rev. Mr. Majoribanks, Chairman of the committee to which was referred the subject of "Colleges," then reported, recommending the adoption of general resolutions upon the new impulse given to the work of colleges and the duty of ministers to use their influence to secure the Christian education of the youth, and commending the work of the society to college education in the west.

The nominating committee recommend the appointment of delegates in accordance with the 8th article of the by-laws, to the following organizations in foreign countries: Congregational Union of England, of Scotland, of Ireland; of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick; and of Ontario and Quebec; in America to the General Synods of the Reformed Church, Free Will Baptist Church, and Evangelical Lutheran Church, General Assemblies of the Cumberland Baptist Church and Presbyterian Church, General Convention of M. E. Church, General Conference of Baptist Church, and the Congregational Union. These delegates will be appointed to-morrow.

At the evening session Rev. H. D. Kitchell, presented the report of the Committee, to which was referred the papers on "Home Missions," the substance of which was to recommend a State organization in every State, to work in their own field; that these organizations extend their work into other fields as much as possible; that they co-operate with the Home Missionary Society as much as possible, and at least $500,000 should be devoted to the work of home missions. The report of the Committee on Foreign Missions were made in a similar manner. Brief remarks were made by many members on both reports, and the evening session was of great interest and profit to all.

OBERLIN, Nov. 21.—As time was pressing, the Council closed in the afternoon with considerable business left unfinished. Many resolutions presented by the Committee were adopted without discussion. Resolutions were adopted recommending the Home Missionary Society to the more earnest consideration of the churches, owing to the greatly enlarged field of its operations. The committee on by-laws recommended additional articles regulating future sessions of the Council. Resolutions were passed upon the necessity of a more careful observance of the Sabbath, and approving the Indian policy of the government; declaring that churches, schools and colleges should open their doors to all without distinction of color; upon the necessity of influencing young men to the ministry; that the American Missionary Society should receive encouragement of churches by stated contributions; that academies and colleges should be more fully sustained; that christian parents should consecrate their children to the work of the ministry and show them the importance of it, and that all ministers should sustain connection with some regular ecclesiastical organization.

Rev. Mr. Strieby made some interesting statements and remarks concerning the work of the American Missionary Association among the colored people of the South. Delegates to various ecclesiastical organizations in foreign countries and America were appointed.

The business before the Council being completed, a short time was given for remarks of a general character, and such as were appropriate to the adjournment of so important a session. Remarks in behalf of the people of Oberlin, who had welcomed members of the Council to their homes, were made by Professor Ellis, of Oberlin College. Similar remarks were made by the venerable Dr. Morgan. The moderator, Rev. W. J. Buckington, made an eloquent and touching parting address on part of the council, containing congratulatory expressions upon the success of the present session of the council, and a tribute of respect and thankfulness to the citizens of Oberlin, after which prayer was offered and the Council adjourned.

The importance of the present session of the Council cannot be over estimated. The national organization of Congregational churches has been established. Three thousand churches were represented at the Council, with a membership of upwards of three hundred thousand persons. The members were sent from one hundred and sixty local organizations in twenty five different States, from Maine to California and from Minnesota to Louisiana. Delegates have been appointed to eighteen general organizations of ecclesiastical bodies in foreign countries and in America. Besides all these facts, much business of importance to the Congregational Church has been transacted, which also opens the way for a more complete work in future triennial sessions of the Council.

HALIFAX, Nov. 21.—The cholera has broken out in the eastern section of Halifax county. Cook on the steamer Franklin, is supposed to have brought the disease into the country. He is recovering, but other persons who caught the disease from him, have died.

The following is the correspondence between President Grant and Murphy, on the resignation of the latter as Collector of the Port of New York:

CUSTOM HOUSE, NEW YORK,
COLLECTOR'S OFFICE, Nov. 18, 1871.

Mr. President:—I hereby tender my resignation of the office of Collector of the Port of New York, to take effect upon the appointment of my successor. You are aware that during the period I have held this important post, and because I have held it, I have been subjected to persecutions which for persistent misrepresentation and unrelenting vindictiveness, has but few parallels in the history of political strife. Throughout this somewhat trying ordeal I have been sustained, however, by the consciousness of my own rectitude and by the fact that during my official term I have enjoyed uninterruptedly and still retain your confidence, unchanged by the vituperations of my accusers for the manner in which the duties of my office have been performed. I take pleasure in referring to the judgment of my official superior, the Secretary of the Treasury, and to the figures of the record in the Treasury Department, which show how the revenue has been collected and with what a diminished percentage of cost. Unless your attention has been called to this record, I beg you will refer to it. Groundless as the aspersions cast upon me are, and fully as they have been refuted before more than one tribunal, I am conscious that my continuance in office will be made the pretext and occasion for assaults calculated to injure you and the Republican party, and to me less than such hazard I would relinquish the position even and it been coveted, which you know it was not. When appointed I believed I could render service by accepting the place; now I believe I can render service by resigning it, and I gladly embrace the opportunity.

In severing my official relations with the government under these circumstances, I may also properly refer to the gratifying result of the recent election in this State, which leaves the control of its affairs substantially in the hands of that great party of progress and reform of which you are the acknowledged head, and for the success of which it will ever be my pride and duty to labor.

With respect your ob't serv't,
THOS. MURPHY.

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 18, 71.

Thos. Murphy, Collector Port of New York:—

DEAR SIR:—Your letter of the 18th, tendering your resignation of the office of Collector of the Port of New York, with a view to transfer, is received. It gives me great pleasure to bear testimony to the efficiency, honesty and zeal with which you have administered the office so long as it has been trusted to your keeping. Your own peace of mind, no doubt, will be enhanced by leaving the office of Collector, but I doubt whether such course will be beneficial to the public service. Under your administration the revenues from the New York Custom House have been largely increased and the cost of collection in proportion to the amount collected, has been greatly diminished. This is shown by the records of the Treasury Department. You have had my unqualified confidence ever since you entered the office of Collector. You had that confidence before, or the appointment would not have been tendered. That confidence is unshaken, and in accepting your resignation, I desire to give you the fullest assurance of this fact. Whether you remain in or out of the office, time will convince a just public of your entire innocence of the charges brought against you.

With great respect,
Your ob't servant,
U. S. GRANT.

A MODEL APPLICATION.

Aspiring genius often finds great difficulty in arranging a form of words in which to express its desires. Especially does this difficulty exist in expressing the aspirations of love and ambition. The Ohio State *Journal* gives to the world the following copy of an application for a Judgeship, recently received by Gov. HAYES, which may serve as a model for those who are at a loss how to frame applications of a like character:

——, Nov. 11th, 1871.

Hon. R. B. Hayes, Governor of Ohio:

SIR—From numerous petitions in circulation for signatures in this "neck of woods" directed to the Governor of Ohio, I presume that Judge —— of the —— Court will soon resign, and that there will be a vacancy for your Excellency to fill. Now I, of my own free will and accord, without compulsion or solicitation from any person, ask for the appointment. I do not ask it on either of the following usual grounds:

First, I have not reluctantly consented to be a candidate upon the immense pressure and solicitation of admiring friends (as is usually the case)

Second, I do not claim the office on the ground that I, either by myself or friends, bored any person for signatures, or for letters to the Governor.

Third, I do not ask it on the ground that I have had great experience as a judge and am not fit for anything else.

Fourth, I do not ask it on the ground that I have not the ability, or am to hay to make a living in practicing law. (I have made a fair living at that business for some seventeen years.)

Fifth, I do not claim that I am the most fit person for the place [illegible] —— I think I will make a very fair average judge.

Sixth, I do not ask it on the grounds that my talents would be so appreciated in the service of four months, that the "people would rise in their might" and unanimously elect me in the spring.

If your Excellency desires any recommendations on my account you will please get them yourself and then you will know who they were from and from whom they were obtained.

Respectfully your, obedient servant,

REPORTERS IN CHURCH.

The New York correspondent of the Boston *Post* writes concerning the reporters in BEECHER'S Church as follows:

Just underneath the platform are the reporters' tables, an innovation unknown as yet to any other church. The smallest of these tables, at the right of the platform, is for the exclusive use of the short hand reporter who is employed to take the sermon for Mr. Beecher's own paper, the *Christian Union*; at the table on the left four others are seated, while the table in the centre is sacred to the feminine members of the profession. At this table sits Eleanor Kirk, who "does" Beecher for the *Standard*; blue eyed, delicate and slight, dressed in black grape cashmere, with an India shawl carelessly draped over her shoulders, and a black and white bonnet set on the brown hair, through whose brown threads of silver run; by her side is her sister, Rebecca Easterbrook, who early in her twenties is winning for herself an enviable place in journalism, taller than Mrs. Kirk, she has the same blue eyes and intense face, crowned with short, curly, brown hair. Between the two, sitting a little back from the table, and busy with note book and pencil, is Carrie Le Row, a Boston girl by birth and education, who to her duties as professor of elocution at Vassar College adds those of lecturer and journalist. Bright, sparkling, animated and vivacious, she is a marked contrast to Mrs. Mary Burtis—cool, self-possessed, and quiet, the only woman in the employ of the *Herald*, who sits opposite to her and watches the incoming congregation, waiting for the services to open to commence her work. There is a world of ability under that white crape bonnet, with its bands of black velvet, and plenty of force under the quiet and somewhat passive face.

☞ The press of Chicago expresses much indignation at the course pursued by Gov. PALMER in his publications in regard to Gen. SHERIDAN, and his recent message to the Legislature. The Senate of Illinois was so indignant at the tone of the message that it refused the document the ordinary courtesy of a vote to print. The Chicago *Post* says of the message:

There is no plan in the message for the restoration of our records and the re-establishment of our titles—no suggestions relative to the strengthening of our insurance laws, or the abatement of taxes assessed in the burnt district, or other measures of needed relief. All is subordinated to the vanity and selfishness of thrusting upon the Legislature an insignificant personality, at a time when persons are nothing and measures everything.

Could Gov. PALMER have taken warning by the manner in which the people of Chicago, and, in fact, of the whole country, received his attack on General SHERIDAN, he might have redeemed himself. But he seems bent on justifying an error which the people, with good reason, have condemned, and hence plunges into deeper difficulty at every step.

☞ The following from the *Louisiana* well sets off the character of the diaries which are kept by persons ambitious of preserving a record of their not very eventful or important lives. Many diaries, if truthfully kept, would make amusing reading, should they be put in print. The extract below is the probable diary for one day of a clergyman in the north of England:

"Monday. Breakfast is bad. Read newspaper of the forenoon. Called on Miss Jones. Conversation an hour with her on conversion of Jews. Had wine with her. Called on Mrs. Smith to ask about her toothache. Told me how much she had enjoyed part of yesterday's sermon, which made her cry. Had brandy and water with her. Went to Presbytery and spent five delightful hours in prosecution of Robinson for heresy of free salvation. Dined with old Grumpy. Grouse overdone, but claret fair. Home. Studied hard an hour, with scissors, in Spurgeon, Newman and Theodore Parker. Elder came to speak about globe. Gave him tooth brush."

The ex-Prince Imperial of France will be keenly reminded of the new rise of his parents by the sale, which is to take place shortly in Paris, of his books, velocipedes, and toys, for the benefit of the National Treasury.

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At the Grand Army Fair, Institute Hall, Wilmington, Del., Friday evening, Dec. 22d, '71.—Send for circulars. FRANK NOLEN,

Odd Fellows' House, Wilmington, Del.

nov23w8t Chairman Committee on Fair G. A. R.

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READ TH

Weekly Toledo Blade.

A. F. MILLER. D. R. LOCKE. J. P. JONES.

MILLER, LOCKE & Co., Proprietors.

TOLEDO, OHIO THURSDAY, NOV. 30, 1871.

Terms of Subscription.

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

Published every Thursday and sent to subscribers by mail, at the following rates:

One Copy, one year	$2 00
" " six months	1 00
" " three months	50
Clubs of five	$1 75 each.
" ten or more	1 50 "

With an extra copy to every person sending a club.

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IN THE

WEEKLY BLADE

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Editorial or Business Notices, (Minion leaded,) $1 cents per line, each insertion.

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Double column advertisements and cuts 33⅓ per cent. additional.

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THE SMALL POX.

We have alluded to the necessity of our health authorities taking timely and efficient action to prevent the outbreak and spread of the cholera in this city. We now have occasion to suggest the need of precautions against that most dreaded contagion, the small pox. It is unusually prevalent now in Philadelphia, New York, and in several New England towns. In some of the western cities precautions are being taken and a general vaccination is going on. The Board of Education in Toledo has issued orders for teachers not to admit to the schools any person whom they have reason to suspect of having been exposed to any contagious disease. The Cleveland Board has issued a circular stating that on Monday, the 27th inst., the Board of Health will provide for the vaccination of all the pupils of the schools in the city, in all cases where the parents of the pupils have neglected to have them vaccinated.

The Cleveland *Leader* observes: "There is no disease known in our latitude that is so dreaded as small pox, no one from which immunity can be so cheaply and safely purchased. A small puncture of the lancet and a transient pimple on the arm may save infinite suffering, a deformed visage, or even life." Hence the neglect of this precaution is inexcusable on the part of any family.

We have heard of no cases of small pox in this city, and we suppose there are none at this time. But a disease known to be prevalent in other cities can not long remain a stranger to us. Let every family, therefore, have all the members of their household protected against this dreadful and loathsome disease. There is no need of any alarm or panic. The precaution should be taken before there is any occasion for panic.

THEN AND NOW.

The death of Hon. OSCAR DUNN, the late Lieutenant Governor of Louisiana, has called forth from the press of his own State the most generous acknowledgement of his ability and worth. Even the Louisville *Journal* handsomely complimented his standing as a man, and his capacity as the presiding officer of the Senate of Louisiana. Among the reminiscences of the past which the notices of Mr. DUNN's decease have called forth, is an advertisement cut from the New Orleans *Picayune*, some thirty years ago, offering five dollars reward for the return of OSCAR DUNN, a negro "boy" apprenticed to the plastering business. We are not told whether he was regarded as a slave or only as an "apprentice" for a term of years. The incident suggests the period when negro men were advertised as runaway "boys" and human bloodhounds put on their track by means of these notices.

This "boy" became transformed into a "man" of respectability, influence, and authority, by the transforming power of emancipation. It was one of the grand events of the world which transformed millions of human beings into men, displacing that infernally cruel system which degraded men into a worse and more miserable condition than that of the brutes.

What intelligent man of any party would now wish to see revived that remorseless system which never allowed a negro man to become other than a "boy?" Emancipation not only broke the chains of an enthralled race but made "men" of them. The transformation once effected no humane man would desire a return to the darkness and cruelty of the past.

TWEED'S BOOK.

The Republicans of New York have been threatened with the publication of a remarkable book which TWEED is said to have kept of his purchase of votes in the New York Legislature. But, Boss TWEED emphatically denies that he has any such book, and says: "That rumor, like a thousand of others in circulation, is a pure fabrication. And (with emphasis) I know of no Senator or Assemblyman who was ever bribed to vote for any measure." The Buffalo *Express* says of this denial: "Now, if a thief would not lie, and were it not that a liar cannot be credited when he utters a truth, this empatic statement would brush away the clouds from many a political reputation. As it is, we are as much in the dark as ever, and must still persist in demanding the production of the much talked of "Doomsday Book."

THE LATEST SENSATION.

An associated press telegram tells us that a correspondent of the New York *Herald* has started a sensational rumor that the visit of the Grand Duke ALEXIS to this country has been made with a view to persuade our government to enter into an alliance with Russia, so as to strengthen her in a contest she anticipates with the great powers of Europe. This can be nothing but a canard of the sensation-mongers, who delight in laughing at the greed with which the people seize upon new excitements. The Russian government understands too well the position of this government on the subject of foreign entanglements to send one of its princes on such an errand. If it were disposed to inquire concerning our disposition to form alliances with European nations, the Grand Duke ALEXIS is not the diplomat it would have sent on such an errand—such a negotiation would have been handled in a much quieter way, and by one more skilled in the art of persuasion.

The caution to avoid warlike alliances with foreign governments, given by President WASHINGTON, has become thoroughly imbedded in the convictions of our people. We have had many and powerful temptations held out to us to depart from this wise and safe rule. The temptation which has appealed most strongly to the popular heart has been the cry of weak peoples uprising in revolt against the despotisms of Europe. Ireland has moved us with her plaint, and Cuba has held out her hands to us in vain for many years. But we have not allowed sympathy or sentiment to prevail over our purpose to fight no battles with European powers but our own. If any argument could avail to induce our people to depart from this safe policy, it would have been the supposed duty to aid other peoples to found governments like our own. We cannot be persuaded to espouse the cause of one strong monarchy in Europe against others to settle balance of power and dynastic questions, about which we care nothing. Russia's quarrels with her sister nations, embrace no principle, and reach no object which seems worth an expenditure of blood or treasure on our part.

It is true that we ought to feel grateful to Russia for her sympathy with us in our struggle with domestic insurrection. Of all the great powers of Europe, Russia alone stood our friend. Her position was a great restraint on the nations that longed to combine Europe in favor of the rebellion. But we did not ask her for military aid. We dared not contract an obligation which it might trouble us to repay. We can do for her what she did for us, namely, justify her cause so far as it is justifiable, and stand her friend in the High Court of the Nations. The doctrine of non interference with the controversies of Europe was promulgated in reference to France, the nation which helped us in our struggle with England. She had claims on us which no other nation ever had, but we denied her appeal, and established thereby a precedent which has become fixed as law in our intercourse with other nations.

The United States, as pledged by the party in power, is in favor of peace. We have used every endeavor to keep peace with the nation with which we are in the most danger of quarreling, and we are not disposed to rush into the quarrels of others. We do not believe that the rumor which has led us to make these remarks has any foundation, but the subject is one which may come to us for consideration under other conditions, and is of importance enough to call forth a moment's thought.

THE MOB SPIRIT.

A painful suspicion has become current that the mob which lynched three men who had been put in jail on a charge of having been engaged in the PARK family murder, not only killed innocent men, but that the mob itself was headed by the men who committed the murder. So long as the feeling prevailed that the parties lynched were the guilty ones, the public mind rested easy under the conceit that justice had simply stolen a march on the culprits, through irregular instrumentalities, and that so long as substantial justice was done, there was no propriety in hyper criticism as to the methods by which it was done. But the mention of the fear that innocent men fell victims to the unreasoning fury of a mob, who took for granted what remained to be proved, shows the danger of tolerating, under any circumstances, the self-constituted lynch-courts, which usurp the vengeance that belongs only to the authorized ministers of justice.

The lynchers are simply murderers.—For their bloody deeds there was no excuse. The public mind was filled with horror at the brutal murder of the PARK family, and the murderers, when put on trial could have found no sympathy anywhere. There was far more danger that courts and juries would hang men on insufficient proof, than that they would be too reluctant to convict. Never was there a greater certainty that the law would have its course undelayed and unimpeded than in this case. Hence, the act of the mob was murder, as inhuman and as atrocious as was the sanguinary deed of the slayers of the PARK family.

The lynch courts have gained no credit by their recent acts. It is time that public sentiment brought its detective and retributive power upon them. To tolerate mob law is to put the lives of innocent men in jeopardy at the instance of any man who chose to set a suspicion afloat against them. Mobs act on impulse and from passion—often from a gust for blood, even though it be that of the innocent—and wait not for proof or reason. It is time that public sentiment came to the aid of the law in punishing the wretches who engage in them. We must learn that the law is the only safeguard of the innocent—its patience—its delays—its circumlocutions even, are out of regard to the safety and rights of the innocent. Every good citizen, therefore, will aid in forming a sentiment strong enough to completely subdue and prevent the shameful excesses of blind vengeance which have become far too frequent.

THE NEW INDIAN COMMISSIONER.

It is generally conceded that Gen. F. A. WALKER, lately the head of the Census Bureau, and now, by appointment, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, is a man of eminent ability. The New York *Times* speaks of him as being "clear-headed, decisive, energetic, unimpeachably honest and humane." That is certainly the kind of man that is wanted for that position. It has been announced that the appointment of Gen. WALKER implied a departure, on the part of government, from the so-called "Quaker policy," heretofore in high favor. We hope and believe that there is no good ground for the rumor. The President has shown a deep interest in the improvement of the condition of the Indians, and we do not believe that he has changed his views or consented to abandon the humane policies he has set in operation.

We shall cling to the belief that the new Commissioner is a friend of the "pacific policy." We are not among those who have high hopes of the Indian, but we do not forget that he is a man. Humanity and justice are always duties which the wise, and wealthy, and strong, owe to the ignorant, the poor, and the weak. The extermination policy belongs rather to the ruder and more barbarous ages of the world. The government has not become unduly tender or sentimental. Its troops stand ready to destroy Indians by the wholesale, whenever they disturb the peace of the settlements of the white people. It has only said to the philanthropic people of this land, of all sects and opinions: Do all the good you can to these degraded and savage tribes; visit them; become thoroughly acquainted with their condition and their wants; detect and expose white villains whom you may find cheating or opposing them; report the desperadoes whom you may find stirring up the savage to war against the whites; carry your schools and send your missionaries to teach and save these sons of the forest and the plains. This is simply the policy of honesty, humanity and good sense.

We have admitted that the case of the Indian was not a very hopeful one, and that the history of Christian missions did not show a rich harvest of good results, considering the means and labor expended on their behalf. But we must remember that new conditions now surround the Indian tribes. Civilization hems them in on every side. The forests are no longer thick with game. The Indian must dig or starve. Experience has shown that when it comes to that men of any condition will dig rather than starve. When men become industrious workers of the soil, they will welcome schools and other institutes of civilization, if from no other motive than to make their labor lighter. Tribes of Indians have been civilized. They have been elevated morally and socially. The attainment has not been equal to the promise, nor commensurate with the effort, but something has been done. And as our mission as a nation is to save, and not to destroy, we should turn a deaf ear to all the slanders and discouragements set in motion by interested traders and contractors, to get rid of the watchful eyes which expose their rascalities, and try the effect of a wise, energetic and benevolent policy, looking to their elevation. If this last experiment to save a remnant of the wandering tribes of America shall fail, the failure will be in a noble and good cause.

THE DETROIT CONVENTION POSTPONED.

The Commercial Convention called to meet in Detroit on the 29th of November, has been postponed until the 13th of December, as appears by the following letter which we copy from the Detroit *Tribune* of yesterday:

DUBUQUE, (Iowa,) Nov 20.

JOHN BURT, Esq.: At the request of many friends in different parts of the country, I am directed by the Executive Committee to give notice that the Detroit Commercial Convention has been postponed from the 29th inst., to Wednesday, the 13th of December next, to meet at the same place at 10 o'clock, A. M. This change is rendered necessary from the fact that many delegates who cannot attend on the former day will do so on the latter.

Yours truly,

LEWIS THOMAS, Cor. Sec.

The day first named was too near the National Thanksgiving to secure as large an attendance as is desired. As we have apprised our readers before, this Convention is called to consider the important question of perfecting the water communications of the North-West. The States immediately interested in this national project will be represented by their governors and by their leading commercial and business men. The time named is a favorable one, and we have no doubt the change just announced will largely increase the number of representatives in the Convention.

☞ Hon. THOMAS FITCH, of Nevada, lectured in Boston on Monday evening, with "Mormonism and the Mormons" for his subject. Among other things he said: "I believe that the great majority of the men and women who practice and uphold polygamy in Utah do so as matter of religious conviction. I believe the taking of a second wife is to the husband a painful religious duty religiously performed. I find in their condition in this respect something to excite my curiosity, little to move my hatred and much to elicit my compassion. Men and women seem to me alike only the self-immolated victims of a cruel and uncompensating system of barbarism." Of Brigham Young he said: "The current report of 'riches in the Bank of England' is such stuff as dreams are made of. The riches of the Mormon church will not be found in unproductive accumulations anywhere, but in institutions of industry and skill, in railroads, and steam wagons and telegraph lines, in woolen and cotton factories, and co-operative stores. Unlike leaders of prominent political rings of the East, this man invests in power alone those gains which they squander in libraries they never read and pictures and statues of whose æsthetic value they are utterly ignorant. His daughter's dowries are not displayed in their wedding trains, and his sons visit the Atlantic States without a lounge at Saratoga or Long Branch, and tarry for months in Europe without acquainting themselves with the mysteries of *rouge et noir*.

Topics of the Week.

Texas calls for teachers for her colored people. In one district, consisting of four counties, fifty teachers are wanted and the Northern States are asked to send them. The demand, remember, is for teachers in the free colored schools—wages $75 per month. Texas evidently has a future before her. Ex-slave States farther North cannot see with the clearness of "Lone Star" vision even, and we have no call from them for teachers, and no encouragement of the education of the colored people within their borders. This is the difference between Young America and Old Fogyism.

It is announced that the Government troops in Mexico were routed in Durango by the Revolutionary army on or about November 12. This State of Durango is a mountainous region in which Comanches and guerrillas have always been in the ascendancy, as the fighting population. This battle was fought some five or six hundred miles from the capital, and was perhaps little more than a skirmish. An engagement in such a region is more likely to indicate the defeat of an attacking government force by rebels holding their own ground than any general rout or disaster to the government troops. The decisive engagements for mastery in Mexico will not be fought in Durango.

California is not as great in square miles as people supposed. She has been over estimated, and must drop down in the scale of bigness to the tune of thirty two million acres. This is a terrible stroke, but the cruel blow is given by a man within her own limits. Surveys have not been completed, but data sufficient have been obtained to show that the area of the State is 153,000 square miles, instead of 188,981 square miles, as reported in geographical works. The last estimate, it will be observed, is given in round numbers, and is held subject to correction. What a comment on estimates. A slice of territory nearly as large as Ohio credited to California on a false basis. California won't feel the thing as much as would Ohio, for example. And Rhode Island couldn't tolerate any of this quizzical investigation for a moment.

The colored people of the country should remember that the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, in referring to the death of Governor Dunn, of Louisiana, used this language: "It is the necessity of the Republican party to go groping about in the kitchens and at the corn-shuckings where statesmen of this breed unbend." According to the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, Governor Dunn, although once a slave, had more good sense, more dignity, and more sense of propriety than has the editor of the *Enquirer*. The same spirit that sneered at Abraham Lincoln because he was a self made man, rules in this sneer at Governor Dunn. And this spirit is the party spirit of the Democratic organization, and that it is anti-American need scarcely be said. The Democratic party gave all its strength to crush the colored people, used its power to keep them down, and now refuses to accord any merit to them, and refuses to encourage them in well doing.

The Roman Catholics propose to make an organized effort to convert the colored people of the Southern States to Catholicism, and it is announced that thirty missionaries are on their way from England to this country to commence this work. Some papers anticipate a religious fund growing out of Protestant opposition to this movement. There is no cause for this. The field is open to all, and though it is not expected that Catholics and Protestants will join in a common effort, they will work side by side as they have done among the whites. The churches South stand at a little disadvantage in this matter as they have always shown a violent prejudice against the colored man, whereas the Catholic Church has not. The Protestant Missionaries among the colored people of the South, however, come, as a general rule, from the North, and are in more direct sympathy with the colored people than these English Catholic Missionaries can be. We see no cause for any special alarm on the part of Protestants, as they have seen the importance of work in this field and long ago commenced it.

It is now certain that the career of *Every Saturday* as an illustrated paper will close with Dec. 30. It is now announced that the HARPERS have purchased all its plates, including the *Graphic* ones, as well as several of its unpublished stories. *Every Saturday* is the third pictorial newspaper failure in Boston within twenty years. It seems strange that a pictorial paper published at Boston should not succeed. Is it because the literary atmosphere of Boston is not in harmony with the spirit of pictures? The publishers spend money freely, exhibit enterprise, and make a good paper. Why should such a paper, coming from Boston, not be as popular as one coming from New York. New York is the metropolis of the country. It has a little of every section in its composition. There is in its atmosphere a suggestion of the peculiarities of the different sections of this country and of nearly every nation. There is more to suggest pictures in New York than in Boston. It is easier to strike the popular current. There is more on the surface, we may say, and there is more love of pictures in the population of the city and the sections easily reached. Boston has not educated the class who look to her for reading matter as has New York, up to a love for pictures. She has shown a disposition rather to look on pictures as surface ornaments and has occasionally sneered at them. Is there not in this, a reason for the failure of Boston illustrated papers?

A new phase is put upon the lynching of the supposed murderers of the Park family in Clarke county, Indiana, by the intimation that all the pretended confessions of the victims of mob violence were manufactured by the real murderers, and were given to the public to divert attention from the guilty parties. The Louisville *Courier-Journal* publishes a card from a correspondent, suggesting that it would be well to investigate most rigidly who were the members of the mob and who agitated most the hanging of the negroes, and hinting that the solution of these questions would lead to the real murderers of the Park family. What a comment even this intimation is on mob law. The recovery of the Park girls, Evaline and Helen, is now considered possible, and it is thought that if they recover, new light will be thrown on the tragedy. The friends and relatives of the family have little to say as to the guilt or innocence of the murdered negroes. It is now stated that no evidence came before the grand jury as to the guilt of the prisoners, and so even the alleged ground for the action of the mob (that the grand jury had refused to indict) is torn away. The Indianapolis *Journal* refers to the partisan editorial of the *Courier-Journal*, published some days since, by the statement that the counties of Franklin, Jackson and Clarke are overwhelmly Democratic, and suggests that there is something essentially brutal in the principles of that party. Passing this suggestion, we can say that if investigation should show that the leaders of this mob were of the ignorant, negro-hating class, and that the negroes were hung more because they were negroes than because they were murderers, that the missionary labors of the Democratic papers are more needed in their own party than are they needed in encouraging the Ku Klux.

The fluctuations in prices for furs are accounted for by the fact that since the dissolution of the old, well organized fur companies, there is no means of following the fur trade. The New York fur merchants, in the olden times could ascertain the supply on hand or the supply expected, and make their arrangements accordingly. Now, the whims of fashion make the demand as uncertain as the individual ventures in the West, and in the absence of a general organized movement, make the supply uncertain. All this is to say that little trade schemes cannot be confidently cooked up, and that with the "bird in the bush," the dealers must wait for developments. May it not also mean that since the opening of railroads, New York is not naturally the great receiving fur market of the country, and that the distribution of the trade has taken the exclusive control of the market out of the hands of the New York dealers.

The "Survivors' Association," of South Carolina, passes solutions declaring their disapproval of such organizations as the Ku Klux—*if* there be any existing in the State. It is said that Ku Klux prisoners in jail laugh and joke about this *if*. They intimate that they *know* better; and that in a country where men have been shot down for holding objectional political views the "if" is entirely superfluous. The Washington *Chronicle* publishes a letter giving testimony as to the existence of the murderous organization called Ku Klux and various other names. The *Chronicle* vouches for this correspondent as being intelligent and trustworthy. This is the common story of all men who have visited the scenes of troubles. Would it not be well for South Carolinians to revive a little of their old State pride so far as to join in frowning down such organizations, rather than show such criminal weakness in refusing to hear and see? In time, facts must convince the Democrats of the North that there is something in this Ku Klux movement, as they were finally made to see that there was treason in South Carolina in 1861. Why they should cry out against rebels then and encourage rebels now, when facts are before them, is something that no Democratic paper has deigned to explain.

We have had in this country our flash of enthusiasm over the discovery of the Open Polar Sea by Lieut. Payer, and our return spasm of doubt and incredulity. As the details of Lieut. Payer's report come to us we are in danger of returning to the first line. Lieut. Payer made this discovery in the Harald Haerfage, a small Norwegian vessel chartered merely for the trip. Lieut. Payer reached the 79th degree north latitude, and states that nothing prevented further progress but want of supplies. He marks out the course between 40 and 42 degs. longitude, through the Nova Zembla Sea to the north, and gives such particulars as to the condition of atmosphere, water, ice, as lead the geographers to see proof of the correctness of the theory that the course of the Gulf Stream extended to the far north, and that this marked out the natural channel to the Polar Sea. The Germans claim that the little vessel was the first to break through the North Pole ice belt, as Ross and Weddell broke through the ice belt of the South Pole. This discovery is announced very modestly. As to how much there is in it, we can soon have abundant evidence. If nothing more is accomplished than the marking out of a new course to the Polar regions, and the discovery of an open sea, where all the charts place a great ice territory, much has been done.

Dr. Holmes is to resume in the *Atlantic* the "Autocrat" series, and give us the "Poet at the Breakfast Table." People always expected this. The "Professor" succeeding the "Autocrat" was naturally in the conception of the articles, to be succeeded by the "Poet" of whom the reader caught such tantalizing glimpses all through the two years of the Breakfast Table Talks. The current was turned aside to give the "Professor's story," and the Poet failed to put in an appearance. Now, however, he is announced, and what a welcome he will receive. As early as 1831 Dr. Holmes published in the *New England Magazine* two articles, entitled "Autocrat at the Breakfast Table." Twenty five years later the Boyish Essays suggested the title for the series of papers for the *Atlantic*. After an interruption of nearly ten years the articles are resumed, and if the Poet steps to the place of the Autocrat, in his character as shadowed forth in the preceding chapters, what a pleasure awaits the many people who are sure to read.

The Louisville *Courier-Journal*, in noticing the death of Lieutenant Governor Dunn, of Louisiana, says: "Lieutenant Governor Dunn was a large, well-proportioned, good-looking man of his class, with considerable affability of manner, and a pleasing expression of countenance. He presided over the State Senate with notable dignity, propounding motions with distinctness, and exhibiting a perfect familiarity with parliamentary rules. The distinguishing character of his intellect was common sense, to which might be added, among his highest moral traits, a sense of propriety. His speeches were always brief, though he spoke sensibly enough and with commendable fluency." How this honest, straightforward paragraph will startle the old fossils who are trying to shape the political course of Kentucky. Colored men with fair opportunity may become pleasing, affable, dignified, intellectual, moral; may become familiar with parliamentary rules, and may have a sense of propriety. This is what the Democratic organ in Kentucky declares. And still there is a determined effort in Kentucky that the colored people shall not have a fair opportunity; that the schools shall not be opened to them; that promising boys, instead of being encouraged to become such men as was Governor Dunn, shall be ground down in ignorance, and laughed at and persecuted because they are ignorant and perhaps depraved. Will the *Courier-Journal* hold up Governor Dunn as a model for the colored boys of Kentucky, and advocate in earnest their education?

☞ "Fighting Joe HOOKER" is as brave in speech as he was on the battle-field. At the recent reunion of the army of the Cumberland at Detroit he was called on for a speech. In the course of his remarks he had occasion to speak in the highest terms of General THOMAS, saying that as a General he was always at the front, and always successful, but of General MCCLELLAN it was different. Of him, he said: "You might have fastened a locomotive to him and you could not have drawn him to the front." Gen. HOOKER's opinion is entitled to consideration.

THAT HORSE SHOE.

From the following letter it appears that the story about the students of Cornell making a contract with ROBERT COLLYER to make a horse-shoe for the sum of $2000 the proceeds to be applied to the relief of Chicago sufferers, and to the re-building of Mr. COLLYER'S Church, is not true. The reverend gentleman, however, it seems, is quiet ready to go back to the anvil, if any body wishes to employ him in the service of benevolence. The following letter explains itself:

To the Editor of the Golden Age:

I want to stick a pin into a paragraph I have noted in your issue of last Saturday, and in other forms otherwheres, saying that the students at the Cornell University have invited me to make a "first-class horse shoe," for which they will pay me $2 000, the money to go to the relief of our citizens, or, as some say, toward a Unity Church. No such offer has come to me up to this date, either by letter, or word of mouth, or telegram, or in any other way whatever. And I write this to stop the ruling if it be bogus, or to hurry it along if it be real; because I am now ready to go to work right off at the price named, and when I have made one horse-shoe for the Cornell boys, price $2,000, and got the money into the treasury of the Relief and Aid Society, I will reduce my price one half and make as many more as the whole world has a mind to order, and apply the whole income of the same to rebuilding first my church and then my home.

Really yours,

ROBERT COLLYER.

CHICAGO, November 16, 1871.

☞ A great fuss has been made about Minister SCHENCK having fallen into disgrace with his government because of his having engaged in some speculations in London. The latest dispatches from Washington say that the State Department has no information as to his having been engaged in mining or other speculations. No charges have been filed against him there. The rumor is simply one of the canards by which vile slanderers seek to destroy the fame of honest men.

☞ The domestic exports for the year ending June 30, 1871, were $513,535,-268. The foreign imports were $541,493,774. Deduct from this the foreign goods exported, $28,459,899, and it leaves the amount of foreign imports, 513,633,875, being less than our exports $1,383, leaving for the year a balance of trade in our favor. We imported $31,900,024 of specie in bullion, and exported $84,508,256.

THE CONTINENTAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, of NEW YORK, comes out of the Chicago fire unscathed and as sound as ever. It has ample assets, safely and profitably invested to pay promptly any loss that can possibly occur. The Continental is entirely sound and reliable, and its policy holders need lose no sleep on its account. We publish elsewhere the statement of Mr. MILLER, Superintendent of Insurance of New York, regarding this company, to which we call attention.

WHITNEY'S MUSICAL GUEST, published in Toledo, for December, contains two songs, Christmas Carols, a sacred quartette, two glees, two church hymns, and two instrumental pieces, in all *eleven pieces* of *new* and *choice* Music. All who subscribe for this excellent musical magazine before January 1st, will receive fourteen numbers for $1. Specimen copy ten cents. The BLADE and *Guest* will both be sent to any address one year on receipt of $2.

HERRING'S SAFES IN THE CHICAGO FIRE.—Elsewhere will be found the advertisement of the Herring Safe, detailing its experience in the Chicago fire. It will be seen that the Herring Safes in the public offices of that city, preserved their contents unharmed. Up to the 10th of November two hundred and twelve Herring Safes had been taken out of the ruins, with their contents untouched by fire. This record is one of which the manufacturers may well be proud. It is another testimony to the security afforded by this standard safe.

NATIONAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF BANGOR.—We call attention to the advertisement of the reliable National, of Bangor, Maine. This Company is managed with the utmost care and prudence, and is as safe as insurance is possible to be. It has paid every loss that it has ever met with, promptly, and will continue to do so. Messrs. ALLIGER & BROTHERS, the General Agents of the Company, 10 Pine street, New York, are among the best men in the business, who manage their end of it as well as the officers do at the other end. Those interested in insurance will notice their advertisement elsewhere.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

The famous Halford Table Sauce can be had of grocers

Burnett's Cocoaine for the hair takes precedence all over the United States.

MARRIAGE GUIDE—Interesting work, numerous engravings, 224 pages. Price 50 cents. Address Dr. Butts' Dispensary, 12 North Eighth street, St. Louis, Mo. See advertisement.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION.—A paper that has grown into excellence by experience, and into an unequalled circulation by acknowledged excellence.

Fragrant Sozodont hardens and invigorates the gums, purifies and perfumes the breath, cleanses, beautifies and preserves the teeth from youth to old age. Sold by all druggists.

AN ESTABLISHED REMEDY.—Brown's Bronchial Troches are widely known as an established remedy for coughs, colds, bronchitis, hoarseness, and other troubles of the throat and lungs.

UPHAM'S ASTHMA CURE relieves the most violent paroxysms in five minutes, and effects a speedy cure. Price, $2, by mail.

Superfluous hair removed in five minutes, without injury to the skin, by UPHAM'S Depilatory Powder. $1 25 by mail. Address S. C. UPHAM, 106, South Eighth street, Philadelphia, Pa. Circulars sent free. Sold by all druggists.

Said A. to B. the other day,
Together as they sat,
Let U and I just go and buy
Some "Astral Oil" from Pratt.

Said B. to A., I plainly C
You know its safety well;
The Oil suits me just to a T,
And none can it X L.

Oil house of Chas. Pratt, 108 Fulton St., N. Y. Established 1770.

TO AGENTS.—There is a good chance for energetic agents to get into a good business with the Manhattan Sewing Machine Company. The machine is very popular, sells readily, and gives general satisfaction to purchasers. See advertisement in another column and write to the proprietors for their terms to agents.

Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 21, 1871.

The arrival of Alexis makes a stir here, but the delay in his public reception at New York will also delay his visit to this city. He will, however, arrive here before the close of the week. It is understood that he will take the morning train with the Russian Minister and go to his house, where he will be received by Mrs. Cataczzy. The Secretary of State will then call on him and arrange the time and manner of his presentation to the President.

Word received here from the South implicates James M. Leach, member of Congress from the 5th N. C. district, in the Ku Klux organization, and he will probably be expelled from his seat and arrested.

The letters that have passed between Collector Murphy and the President, are regarded as putting some of the New York sorcheads in a bad fix. They certainly show well for Murphy and make a very favorable impression here.

The culmination of "Democratic principles" in wholesale thieving, and the bald exposure which has been made of the "inner line" of the party, has made sad work with Presidential aspirants, and pied pretty much all the nice calculations of partizan leaders. What has become of Hendricks, and Pendleton, and Thurman, and Hoffman, and Hancock, and Doolittle, and Adams, and a score of other ambitious politicians who, at the close of the last Congress, had their eyes fixed on the White House?

"Oh no! We never mention them,
Their names are never heard."

The "passive policy" which is now the card of the "fierce Democracie," requires that all these men shall take "back seats," and is waiting to see what distinguished Republican can be detached from his party affiliations to wear the empty honor of measuring strength with President Grant, under the promise of a feeble support from the broken and shattered columns of the Democratic party.

It would seem as if this was the time for the Democratic party to remember such men as Chase and Doolittle, who sold out their glorious record in the great war against slavery to be on hand for just this contingency. But no! They are turning their eyes to men like Gratz Brown, and Jacob Cox, and Judge Davis, and Lyman Trumbull, and even Charles Sumner. They concede that President Grant will be nominated, and they propose to volunteer their services to help along any sort of a respectable public man who will bolt the Republican nomination and make a division against Grant.

The "new departure" proposed by Vallandigham was more manly than this, as it contemplated a frank acceptance of all that has been engrafted on the Constitution, a forgetfulness of the past, and a remembrance only of the present. A party with this platform would have honored itself by the nomination of such a man as Judge Chase, and would be organized and in the field with something to fight for and something to tie to, after the Presidential battle was over. Or the party might accept the suggestions of the N. Y. *Evening Post* and nominate Chas. O'Connor, a life long Democrat, a pro-slavery Democrat, a Democrat who stood with Toombs and Stevens for the rights of the South; but who is as honest as he is obstinate and prejudiced, and has made us all forget his black political record by his noble stand in behalf of honest administration. In such a nomination it would surrender nothing and forget everything.

But the proposition to crawl away behind some second rate Republican, while the party changes its skin, is about as pusillanimous as to surrender, and much more demoralizing. Whatever it proposes to do the effect will be to break the back bone of its strength, and by casting its old skin it must also cast its old vigor and discipline. But as this is not our funeral, we have no right to give advice.

It is pleasant to see honest Ben. Wade shaking hands on our streets as of yore, and making free with the private rooms of our officials. He is not very reverential, and sometimes shocks the refinement of our Washington society. I remember an instance some time ago, when Wade was Senator, Chief Justice Chase entered a private room near the hall of the Supreme Court, and, as his court was about to be called to order, desired to don his official robe. You know that the Judges of the Supreme Court, like the Episcopal Clergy, wear gowns when in official session.

The Chief Justice had left his gown in this room, now occupied by several Senators, among whom was Wade. He was in a hurry and went around, looking in various places for the missing garment, but without happening to get his eye on it. In the meantime Senator Wade, seeing where it was, stretched out his cane towards it, and taking it up on the end of his stick, brought it around to where the Judge was standing, and said, in his gruff way: "Here's your old frock—you can have it."

The Ohio Senatorship attracts some attention here, and the Democrats, who are "down in the mouth" just now, are anxious to have us believe that there is a little margin of Republicans in the Ohio Legislature who will go with the Democrats, not for an out and out Democrat, but for ex-Governor Cox or some other Republican who is supposed to be adverse to Grant.

Congress meets in less than two weeks, and as "coming events cast their shadows before," we begin to see in Washington the agents of Railroads, and steam ships, and ocean cables, and subsidies generally, who are fixing their traps to catch members as they arrive. The session is expected to be long and to have many important matters before it, but it will probably be less exciting than usual. Generally, the long session before a Presidential election, is largely devoted to President making; but it now looks as though that matter would be taken out of the hands of Congress, and managed by the people.

You will have noticed that our shipping interest feels the relief afforded by diminished taxation, and is rapidly recovering from its depression. Congress will not be for free trade, but it will probably make further demonstration toward a reduction of the tariff, and the removal of these burdens will have more or less reference to our shipping interests now so hopefully increasing.

Deputy Commissioner Josiah Given, of the Internal Revenue Bureau, goes to Iowa in a few days to take possession of the office of Prosecuter, to which he was chosen at the last election. It is seldom that an officer, in leaving a public position, makes so large a place. Col. Given was at the head of an Ohio regiment during the war, and was Postmaster of the House after the war; but he was never in any position where he was more useful, or where his honesty, integrity and capacity were more appreciated than in his position here. He took official leave yesterday with the universal regret of a large circle of endeared friends.

Judge Underwood, of Virginia, puts the following conundrum to Judge Carter, who lately pronounced the decision that women were citizens but not voters:

If the people of the United States by amending their constitution and striking out a word of five letters (white) could make a million of black men voters, why

could they not also, by striking out a word of four letters (male) make the women of this district voters?

The Sub-Ku Klux Committee, who have just returned from the South, where they examined nearly 200 witnesses, bring word that in Jackson county, Florida, 75 murderers have been committed during the last two years; that the victims were all, or nearly all, Republicans, and that there is not now a white Republican in that county. You see the climate there is hard on Republicans! BUCKEYE.

German Peasant Life.

AN INTERESTING YOUNG LADY—SUBSTITUTES FOR HORSES—WOMAN'S WORK—WHAT THE PEASANTS EAT.

JENA SAXE WEIMAR, Germany, November 1, 1871.

EDITOR BLADE:—Perhaps a brief account of a pedestrian tour, which I made a few days since in the vicinity of Erfurt and Weimar, may not prove uninteresting to some of the numerous readers of the BLADE. After leaving Erfurt, one of the first objects which engaged my attention was a young lady plowing with two milch cows. Her costume was *a la mode*, her sleeves were rolled up to her elbows, her dress was drawn up around her waist and then pinned back into a peculiar roll which projected out behind forming a splendid pannier, which, had I been a lady, I should have coveted. She wore wound around her head a strip of black cloth, or scarf, with two loops or great knots, looking like the stunted horns of a buffalo, projecting out from each side of her head just above and in front of her ears Her face was as round and red as the rising full moon, and very much dirtier. The plow which she was using had nearly straight handles. The beam seemed perfectly straight, and was attached in front to a peculiar vehicle consisting of one small wheel, some eighteen inches in diameter, which rolled along upon the ground out of the furrow, and another, a little larger, which rolled along in the furrow, connected together by an axeltree some four feet long, which, as well as the bolster that surmounted it, were large enough for a one horse wagon. The cows were then attached to this odd looking vehicle, not as oxen are attached to loads when worked in America, but a board was fastened to the head of each cow just below and in front of the horns; then from the extremities of these board's ropes run back and were fastened to whippletrees similar to those we use in employing horses. Taking this young lady all in all, I thought she was a fit subject for the pen of the poet or brush of the painter.

Whittier's "Maud Muller" was nothing in comparison to her, but like the *other* judge, although my heart was touched, I smothered my feelings and passed on without ever asking whether she was married. The method which I have described is the usual one for working cows and oxen. Sometimes when they employ one cow at a time, for much as we do horses, they place a collar upon her neck and harness her very much as we do our large draft horses, with the exception of the bridle. I had not proceeded much further before I met a man and a boy with one horse attached to a low wagon, with wheels about two feet and one half in diameter. The horse was not placed between the shafts but attached to one side of the tongue by means of a strap which was buckled round his neck. This is the usual method of attaching horses to wagons when used singly. Very commonly the draft is so arranged that the tongue of the wagon draws away from the horse, but often there is nothing to prevent it from striking against his fore shoulders, and did they drive here as rapidly as we do in the United States, they would have many lame horses. The next object which I saw worthy of notice was a man and his wife, (perhaps his sweetheart,) and two dogs attached to one of these low wheeled wagons, drawing a great quantity of cabbage and beets, which would have been a respectable load for a good span of horses. The dogs were large (they have many large, fine looking dogs here) and were harnessed about as we harness horses, with the exception of a muzzle in the place of the bridle, and were attached separately to the wagon by ropes, some fifteen feet in length. Just behind the dogs, and upon either side of the wagon tongue, which was about ten or twelve feet in length, was the man and his wife. Each was attached to the wagon by means of a rope some ten feet long, which was fastened to a wide strap which passed over the right shoulder, across the breast and back under the left arm, and was then again fastened to the rope. The man seemed to to be managing the establishment (merely an accidental circumstance, for the women have equal rights here), and kept jabbering away at the dogs, but the woman pulled on in silence; (truly truth is stranger than fiction). The peasants in this section of the country use dogs much more than they do horses. Just before entering one of the villages, I overtook several women carrying great bundles of small wood upon their backs, which they must have carried at least a mile and a half or two miles.

It is truly surprising to see what immense loads some of these German women will carry upon their backs, and often for long distances. My room here in Jena is so situated that my window overlooks the market place, and three times a week some of these poor women will trudge into town, a distance of from one to five miles, with great loads of all kinds of farm produce and even wood upon their backs. They all have large baskets which will hold about five pecks. They are in the shape of an inverted pyramid, about eight inches square at the bottom and a little over two feet in height. These baskets they attach to their backs by means of straps, which pass over each shoulder and around under each arm. Only this morning I saw a poor woman whom I sincerely pitied trudging slowly into town with one of these great baskets filled with wood and another large bundle of wood fastened upon top of the basket. Her few scattered hairs were almost white with age, and she was bending over almost double so as to slow the weight of her load to rest more upon her back and less upon her shoulder. Judging from the size of her load it did not seem possible for her to carry it, yet this little old woman had carried it at least a half a mile and in all probabilities more than a mile over a rough uneven road. The women carry water in much the same manner. They have large water casks which they attach to their backs the same as they do their baskets. Jena is a city of ten thousand inhabitants and nine-tenths of the inhabitants (there are a few private wells and cisterns) procure all their water from fourteen public reservoirs. From these fourteen places the women carry water upon their backs to all parts of the city. They carry usually about five of our common wooden pails full at once. Just in front of my window is the largest of the largest of these public founts, and all day long the women can be seen carrying away water. It is an odd sight for an American to see these women as they trudge away with their casks of water. They bend over considerably so as to permit part of the weight to rest upon their backs, and move along slowly and very carefully. For there are no covers to their casks, and they are of such a length that the tops extend up as high as the women's heads, and unless they move very carefully they make an impromptu "waterfall" upon the back of their heads, which (the ladies not being as stylish as they are in America) is not fashionable or popular, especially when the thermometer is below freezing point. But I have wandered very far from my journey; and to return, I called upon a peasant whose relatives I had met in America. He received me very cordially, and kindly invited me to accompany him to his house. The Germans, whether rich or poor, so far as my experience goes, treat strangers with the greatest kindness and hospitality.

As soon as I had fairly seated myself he brought me a pitcher of beer, a loaf of dark coarse heavy rye bread, and some cold sausage, and asked me to "eat, drink and be merry," but as I do not partake of the national German beverage and was not, under the circumstances, hungry, I declined his kind invitation. Whereupon, thinking (and no doubt correctly) that I declined out of courtesy or Benjamin Franklin like modesty, he told me not to be afraid but to take right hold and eat all I wanted, for he had a great plenty. I thought as far as my services were concerned he always would have, that his bread and sausage would last as long as the widow's meal and oil. I also spent one night with a peasant whose friends I had met in America. For supper our bill of fare consisted of this same kind of very dark coarse rye bread, which is emphatically the staff of life among the German peasantry, sausages, coffee and beer—undoubtedly the best the house afforded. The sausages were very good and a long tramp had sharpened my appetie so that I made out a hearty meal, fully realizing the truth of the last part at least of the preverb, "the full soul loatheth an honey comb, but to the hungry, every bitter thing is sweet." In the morning I had some light, well made wheat rolls, no doubt prepared expressly for the occasion, and a cup of coffee. The family could not afford such a delicacy for themselves, but ate their rye bread moistened in coffee—merely this and nothing more. We sat down to a large and rather roughly made stand without any covering whatever. The only articles of table furniture were a plate which held the bread, a knife with which each one cut for himself what bread he desired, and a cup and saucer for each one—spoons were not needed to stir our sugar.

Yet, while the German peasant is in one sense very poor, in another he is rich. Real want is scarcely known; he always has a plenty of food, and although it is coarse and plain it is strengthening and healthy. Honest toil sharpens his appetite and enables him to relish his plain food better than the pampered sons of luxury do their epicurean delicacies. No dyspeptic dreams disturb his slumbers; no ambitious visions destroy his peace; no fears of bankruptcy cloud his brow; no sordid thirst for gold petrifies his heart; no disease racks his healthy frame. But honest and industrious, frugal and contented, he goes forth to his daily task with a cheerful spirit and a light heart. In the words of Oliver Goldsmith:

"His best companions are innocence and health,
And his best riches ignorance of wealth."

And while we may be far from desiring to exchange lots with the German peasant, I have often thought that he is more happy and contented than his more wealthy friends, upon this or the other side of the Atlantic. There are many things more which might be said of German peasant life, but as I promised to be brief, I will, for this once at least, run the hazard of being unfashionable, by keeping my promise.

Yours truly,
L. K. PARKS.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Two negroes, N. R. Harper and Geo. A. Griffith were admitted, Friday, to practice law in Kentucky.

Vice President Colfax was in Chicago Friday and left for Washington in the evening. He is in excellent health.

State Treasurer Parker publishes a statement that the total debt of South Carolina is only $12,400,000, and that the accounts are open to the inspection of the public.

Horace Greeley announces his retirement from the Bureau of Emigration on account of his name being read in connection therewith as an inducement to emigrants to deposit their money in one of the broken savings banks.

The argument in the mandamus case to compel Secretary Boutwell to issue a warrant for the payment of the Kentucky war claims, began in the Supreme Court Friday, Attorney-General Ackerman appearing for the Secretary of the Treasury.

The reports circulated concerning the obstruction by snow of the Kansas Pacific Railroad are essentially untrue. Both that road and the Union Pacific suffered obstruction from the great snow storm and gale which raged in Colorado, Western Kansas and Nebraska on the 7th, but the Kansas Pacific was opened throughout within 48 hours, and trains have run regularly. No trains were drifted in.

Capt. Lee, of the steamer Andy Johnson, which was sunk Friday thirteen miles below Quincy, arrived at Quincy, Friday morning. He reports that while in the Texas he was notified that the boat was sinking; he immediately ordered the boat to be run on the bar at hand, but before she could reach the bar she sank in six feet of water. She had a large freight and many passengers, the latter were all saved. The steamer was valued at $70,000.

The Mayor of Brooklyn has notified the authorities of Chicago that he has $25,000 for the needy of that city.

Since the adjournment of Congress, the President has made 230 appointments, which are to be acted upon by the Senate.

It is ascertained from an official source that there is no truth in the statement that Minister Schenck will be recalled and Secretary Fish succeed him.

The official figures of the late New York State election show that Scribner received 387,107 votes, and Miller 368,244.

Connolly is yet under arrest at the New York Hotel. Most strenuous efforts have been made to procure bail, but without success.

There were eight additional cases of small pox reported in New York since Friday noon, making 57 cases reported since the 18th, against 43 cases the previous week.

The Brooklyn Ferry boat Baltic came within an ace of destruction Saturday from the explosion of nitro glycerine at Diamond reef, near which she passed. No signal of danger was hoisted.

The New York Times says that the Mayor is soon to be arrested on a similar complaint to that under which the other conspirators are now awaiting the course of justice.

The great suit of the United States against Weld & Co., merchants, to recover $140,000 forfeiture and penalties on goods illegally imported to New York and Boston, will be commenced before Judge Blatchford, Monday, Dec. 27.

The President has finished the draft of his annual message, and the usual care is taken to prevent premature exposition of its contents, nor will he risk the printing of it in advance of the delivery of the document to Congress. All copies will be in manuscript.

The Secretary of the Interior has completed his report.

The Creek Indians are reported to be peaceable.

Alexis accepts the invitation to visit Boston December 7th.

Alexis attended service, Sunday, at the Russian Church in Second avenue, New York.

It is reported that the loss of life by the late snow slides in the canons in Utah is far more serious than previously stated. Quite a number of persons missing are supposed to be lost. It is storming again in the mining districts of the Wasatch. An unusual hard winter seems inevitable.

A Fort Shaw, Montana, special says two companies of the 7th Infantry, Major Freeman commanding, returning from Fort Browning were caught in the fearful storm, and are now camped about 12 miles from here with a number of men badly frozen. Ten of the frozen men were subsequently brought into the hospital. The worst cases still out are being brought in as fast as possible, frozen principally about the feet and will lose their toes, and some their feet. The thermometer is 30 degrees below zero.

Continental Insurance Company.

No. 102 BROADWAY, N. Y., November 24, 1871.

This Company has the satisfaction of advising its friends and the public of the following action of the Superintendent of the Insurance Department of the State of New York.

CYRUS PECK, Secretary.

NEW YORK, October 25th, 1871.

Hon. GEO. W MILLER, Supt. Insurance Department, State of New York:

DEAR SIR:—The failure of many Insurance Companies by the Chicago fire, after assurances had been given that they were able to pay all demands, and to pursue their business, has justified an apprehension in the public mind and perhaps in your own, which it is important should be allayed.

We therefore, so far as this Company is concerned, request you at your earliest convenience, to investigate its affairs, and to ascertain its position and ability to fulfil existing obligations and all that may arise in the ordinary course of its business.

We wish, also, to call your attention to our our increase of Capital, already largely over subscribed, and desire to know when we can close the Subscription Books, and call in the money, under your construction of the Statute.

Your prompt attention will be regarded as a favor.

Very respectfully,
GEORGE T. HOPE, President.

Insurance Department State of N. Y.

ALBANY, Nov. 2d, 1871.

At the request of the Continental Insurance Company of the City of New York, I have taken the earliest opportunity, since the adjournment of the National Convention of Insurance Commissioners, to investigate the affairs of the Company, and I find its condition to be as follows:

Its assets, amounting to TWO MILLION EIGHT HUNDRED AND FORTY-SEVEN THOUSAND THREE HUNDRED AND SEVEN DOLLARS AND FIFTY-FOUR CENTS, are judiciously and safely invested.

Its capital of FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS is unimpaired, and it has a SURPLUS OF NET ASSETS largely in excess of the amount required to reinsure its outstanding risks, after providing for all other liabilities, including Chicago losses.

Its losses sustained at Chicago are in course of rapid adjustment, and leave the Company with abundant ability to afford indemnity to its customers and to respond promptly to all customary claims.

The subscriptions to its voluntary addition of Five Hundred Thousand Dollars to its Capital are much greater than double the amount to which the Stockholders are entitled, and the Subscription Books must yet remain open until the 20th inst., at which time the subscriptions may be made payable.

(Signed) GEO. W. MILLER, Superintendent.

nov20-w11(4)

A BOOK FOR THE MILLION!

MARRIAGE GUIDE. A Private Counselor to the married or those about to marry on the physiological mysteries and revelations of the sexual system, the latest discoveries in producing and preventing offspring, how to preserve the complexion, &c.

This is an interesting work of two hundred and twenty-four pages, with numerous engravings and contains valuable information for those who are married, or contemplate marriage. Still it is a book that ought to be kept under lock and key, and not laid carelessly about the house.

Sent to any one (free of postage) for fifty cents. Address Dr Butts' Dispensary, No 12 N. Eighth street, St. Louis, Mo.

Notice to the Afflicted and Unfortunate.

Before applying to the notorious quacks who advertise in public papers, or using any quack remedies, peruse Dr. Butts' work, no matter what your disease is, or how deplorable your condition.

Dr. Butts can be consulted personally or by mail, on the diseases mentioned in his works.—Office No. 12 N. eighth street, between Market and Chestnut, St Louis, Mo. (3) nov19-w4

50 CENTS FOR FOUR MONTHS ---

THE WEEKLY WISCONSIN,

The great Family Paper, will commence on the 27th of December the publication of the fascinating serial story "MATTIE" by the author of "No Man's Friend." It will also contain a Short Story, Poetry, News, Agriculture, &c., making it a most desirable visitor to the home and fireside. Terms $1.50 per year. Address

CRAMER, AIKENS & CRAMER,
nov30-w2t(4) Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

$5. SEWING $5.

MACHINE. New Style, late Patents, Positive Motion, Important Improvements, without rival or equal for Beauty, Strength, Speed, Durability or Price, Noiseless, Easy to learn. Sews everything a needle will go through with fine firm stitches, sews all kinds of thread, single or double. Samples of Sewing, Testimonials, Extra inducements, County Rights to Agents, &c., sent free. Machines complete, free, by express, on receipt of price, $5 ($15 less than any good machine.) BUCKLAND & CO., 71 Nassau St., N. Y. nov26-w4w-65 (10)

$12 SENSATION. $12

Elegant Stem Winding Watch, New Style, warranted, Cheapest, Correct, Strong, and Serviceable Watch in use, polished or frosted Nickel and Jeweled movements. Exposed Action; patent Self-winding Attachment; price each, Ladies' or Gent's size, with chain, $12 ($15 less than any other good watch.) $50 per half doz. Orders filled on receipt of price, or C. O. D., express extra. Watches every description, $6 to $45. Chains $2 to $10. Catalogues free. Cutler & Stiner, 71 Nassau St., N. Y. Established 1851. nov30-w4w(5)

AGENTS WANTED for

THE GREAT FIRES IN CHICAGO and the West, by Rev. E. J. Goodspeed, D. D. Five Hundred Pages; Fifty Illustrations. Price $2.50. Outfit $1.00. 70,000 already sold. Send at once. Address Goodspeed & Co., New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati or New Orleans. nov30-w1t

STAR STENCIL WORKS—Handsome premium given to every one purchasing a Silver stencil plate or key check. Agents wanted—Send stamp for circular. S. A. DAVIS, Box 361, Barnesville, O. (3) nov30-w4t

VIRGINIA TEN ACRE FARMS.

Price, $100 each. Only $10 cash and $10 monthly until paid. Send stamp for map, &c., to E. B. NEWBURN, Richmond, Va nov30-w4t(6)

Agents Wanted For "Convent Life Unveiled," by Edith O'Gorman. Escaped Nun, whose disclosures are thrilling and startling. Extra terms for the West. Coin. Publishing Co., Hartford, Ct. nov30-w4w

TO GENTLEMEN.

A private circular and a present is sent sealed on receipt of two stamps. Address W. STOUT & CO., Box 596, Cincinnati, O. nov30-w4(6)

HOW TO FASCINATE, by a French lady. How to compel Love, Constancy, Respect and Admiration. This great secret sent for 10 cents. Address, HENRY & Co., 56 Liberty St., New York. nov30-w4(4)

50! RARE CHANCE. Send your Photo, and 50 cents and get its picture and address of your future wife or husband. A. McKAY, Savannah, Iowa. nov30-w1t(4)

PICTURE MINUTES! Confidential Talk with the Ladies on Important Subjects, by one of their number. Sent free for two stamps. Address MRS H. MAYNARD, Hanover, Pa. nov30-w4w(6)

AGENTS WANTED for the Life and Public Services of Gen. U. S. GRANT. The only complete and reliable work published. Contains a full account of his Ancestry, Birth, Early Life, Services in the Mexican War, Rise to Command of the Armies of the United States, Presidency, Tour around the World, &c. Illustrated with Steel Portraits of Gen. Grant, Mrs. Grant, Jesse R. Grant, Nellie Grant, Fred. Dent, Gen. Rawlins, Gen. Sherman, Gen. Sheridan, Gen. Thomas, Gen. Meade, Gen. Logan, Gen. Schofield, Gen. Ord, Gen. Hancock, Gen. Howard, Admiral Porter, Admiral Farragut, Admiral Dahlgren, Admiral Rowan, Admiral Goldsborough, Admiral Lee, Admiral Dupont, Admiral Worden, Admiral Foote, Admiral Davis, Admiral Winslow, Admiral Palmer, Admiral Radford, Admiral Thatcher, Admiral Stringham, Admiral Paulding, Admiral Bailey, Admiral Pennock, Admiral Gregory, Admiral Lardner, Admiral Shubrick, Admiral Smith, Admiral Stevens, Admiral Turner, Admiral Wilkes, Admiral Wyman, Admiral Lee, Admiral Poor, Admiral Kennon, Admiral Trenchard, Admiral Harwood, Admiral Blake, Admiral Case, Admiral Craven, Admiral Hull, Admiral Jenkins, Admiral Lavallette, Admiral Montgomery, Admiral Pope, Admiral Preble, Admiral Rodgers, Admiral Shaw, Admiral Stewart, Admiral Thatcher, Admiral Thornton, Admiral Tucker, Admiral Wadsworth, Admiral Walker, Admiral Warrington, Admiral Wilkinson, Admiral Wolcott, Admiral Young, Admiral Zeilin, Admiral Zimmerman, Admiral Zogbaum, Admiral Zogbaum, Admiral Zogbaum

Our Young Folks.

FEEDING THE COW.

[From Little Folk Songs, by Mrs. Richard Grant White.]

Slowly along the shaded lane,
Creeping the grass from side to side,
Here comes the pretty brindle cow
Home, at eventide.

She stops at the garden gate and calls,—
"Oh run, little boy! and bring to me
Some of those apples round and ripe
I see lying under the tree."

Little golden-head his apron fills
With the ruddy apples juicy and sweet,
Brindle lays to take with her long rough tongue
From his dimpled hand and feet.

Tip-toe he stands with eager face,
Holding his hand straight up right;
As she gently takes the apple he gives,
He laughs with fresh delight.

And now she has eaten the very last,
And "Just one more, and 'One' is one more;"
Then he waits and watches her as she walks
Through the open barnyard door.

It was years ago—yet I often see,
When the summer's day is nearly done,
My baby boy feeding the pretty cow
In the light of the setting sun.

Kitty's Bedquilt.

Little Kitty Needham, with her father and mother and brothers and sisters, had gone from the city, where she had lived ever since she could remember, to a new home in the country; and Kitty, who, like most other children, had fairy-like ideas of country life, supposed she was going to be perfectly happy. It was in the early autumn that the removal took place. The weather was lovely, and Kitty could not be induced to remain in the house an hour of the day. From morning till night she was out on exploring expeditions; in the barn, the orchard, the meadow, the corn field, and, above all, the woods, the great, green, shady woods, where even at noonday it was cool and dark; where the brook rippled, and the birds sang, and the breeze made music in the boughs; where the mosses and the ferns grew too thick to be gathered, and the squirrels ran nimbly up and down the trees.

Oh! there never had been anything in the city half so delightful as that old wood; not the park with its fountain and goldfish, nor the museum with its stuffed animals, nor even the toy shops and confectioners; and the children enjoyed beyond everything a ramble there—but especially Kitty. She was an eager and excitable child, and her mother said had "a bad habit of turning everything into the ground." She made this literally true, for one day, after long wandering through her beloved woods, she threw herself down to rest upon a mossy bank, which, however soft, was just as damp. There she fell asleep, and waking up, by and by, with "hot and cold shivers" running through her, she dragged herself home, and to everybody's consternation, proceeded to develop a regular "old-fashioned ague."

Now, this disease is an enemy that "sticketh closer than a brother;" and when he is invited, as it were, by such thoughtlessness as Kitty's to take up his abode with one, he is not very easy to be gotten rid of. This the poor child found out to her cost, for though she was instantly put to bed with blankets and hot bottles, though horrible doses of quinine were administered, and strict imprisonment in the house observed, he made his appearance duly at the same hour on the next day but one; and the whole baleful performance—hot and cold shivers, blankets, bottles, and medicine—had to be gone over again; and still the ague shook her till her poor little bones rattled, and the fever scorched her till she seemed all on fire.

The doctor came and ordered more quinine, and Kitty's mother got out all her stores of marmalade, jam, and jelly, to try which would best disguise the bitter taste. But it was all in vain. The more medicine Kitty took, the harder her chill seemed to be next time, and it persisted in coming and coming until everybody got discouraged, and the doctor himself said he never knew such an obstinate case.

Poor Kitty was very impatient indeed under the affliction. On the days when she was really ill she tried to be patient, for she saw that every one pitied her, and that her mother looked almost heart-broken when she found she could not relieve the pain. It was the "between days" that were really the hardest to the active child. Her brothers and sisters went off to school, all but little Johnny, and she thought him too small to be company for her. Her father was away at his business, and her mother had a thousand household cares. There were many long hours when she had to sit alone with nothing to do but look at old story-books, which she already knew by heart, and watch the sun shining so brightly, and long to be out in the midst of it.

It seemed very hard to Kitty that this sickness should have come upon her more than on another; and she fretted and chafed under it until it grew harder than ever to bear.

One day her sister brought home with her a friend whose acquaintance she had made at school, thinking it might amuse Kitty. Kitty was rather distant and cross at first, but Lottie was a good natured girl, and persisted in talking to her til she won her into a pleasanter mood.

"I'll tell you," she said after a while, "what makes you mind being sick more than anything else. It is because you have'n't anything to do but just *think* about it all the whole time, and makes it seem ever so much worse."

"Do anything!" said Kitty indignantly. "Can I study lessons when I'm sick, I'd like to know? And I've read every book in the house almost; and I hate fancy work, crotchet and embroidery, besides it makes my head ache to count beads and stitches, and sort wools. You'd better get sick yourself, and you'd see.

"Oh!" laughed Lottie, good-naturedly. "Do you suppose I've lived here all my life and not had the chills? Everybody has 'em. But I'll tell you what I'd do. It's the nicest fun in the world—in the way of work, I mean. I'd piece a bedquilt!"

"Piece a bedquilt! Such old-fashioned, constricted work!" said Kitty, in great disdain.

"Well, you're in the country now, and you ought to do as country folks do," rejoined Lottie, merrily. "And I know you'd like patchwork. It's real interesting cutting out the patterns, and suiting the colors, and then seeing it grow bigger and bigger every day. I've done one in a cross, and one in a star pattern, and one of these days I'm going to do a hexagon. It's such nice pick up work, and as good as an album to remember your friends by—the pieces of their dresses, you know!"

"Which is the prettier, the cross or the star?" asked Kitty, beginning to think it might be a little interesting.

"Oh, I don't know—the star I guess you'd like best, and I could cut you out one now, to show you how it looks, if I had some pieces of calico."

"Annie, ask mother, won't you, if I may get some pieces out of the scrap-bag?" said Kitty.

Mother said, "Yes, certainly," and in a few minutes Lottie was cutting out squares and points, with practised fingers, and fitting them together so dexterously that Kitty became inspired with an ambition to emulate her; and was presently quite as eager and busy in sorting out the prettiest bits of chusia and cambric, and trying one color against another, as ever Lottie herself could have been.

"Well, well, what is going on here?" said Kitty's mother presently, coming in and finding the three girls so busy and merry. "Why, Puss, I haven't seen you look so bright since you were sick, poor little girlie! What is it—patchwork? It reminds me of the time when I was a little girl myself."

"Why, did you ever piece a bedquilt, mother?" asked Kitty in quite an excitement. "Well, I am going to, too, mayn't I? And won't you please buy me some new calico, mother?—a whole lot, in quarter yards, because I don't want too many stars alike, you know. And some white muslin, mother—"

"Yes, I'll see that you have enough to begin with," said her mother. "And I hope it will help you to get over some of the dull days, poor child; only you must always put it by when I tell you. I can't have you tiring yourself out."

"No, no," said Kitty, impatiently. "See, mother, doesn't this blue and buff look lovely together?"

And so Kitty's bedquilt was begun, and by and by it came to be the absorbing theme of interest in the house. Everybody felt so sorry for the poor little girl who still continued to shiver and scorch with the chill and fever every other day, and everybody was so glad of anything that could serve to cheer her in her hard trial, that everybody in the house, from papa down, got in the way of making contributions to the patch-work, which day by day grew bigger and brighter with gayly-colored "stars."

Even the gentlemen and ladies who visited the house, and who pitied the little pale girl who looked like the ghost of her former sunny self, used to draw from their pockets mysterious packages, out of which peeped the pretty pinks, and blues, and purples that delighted Kitty's eyes. And the child became so wrapt up in her work, and her little heart, tired out and discouraged with pain, so warmed and cheered by everybody's kindness, that the cross looks and fretful moods vanished as if by magic, and the doctor said she was the patientest patient he had.

One day, however, she overtired herself, and the old irritable temper came back. She gave her mother sullen answers, and spoke to poor little Johnny so sharply that he went away with great tears in his big blue eyes, and had a good cry all to himself in the play room.

The next morning, he begged his mother to let him go to "the store" alone, and it was only a little way off, she said yes. He came back by and by, all flushed with running, and with a shy look, half eager, half afraid, put into Kitty's lap a parcel containing two quarters yards of calico, one a brilliant scarlet and one a vivid orange. Poor little fellow! They were his idea of beauty, and he spent all the money he had in the world to buy them for Kitty.

"Well, Kitty is grown up now and married, and the bedquilt was finished years ago, and all its bright colors are faded; but she has not forgotten, and will never forget, how her heart was touched that day, and she is convinced that the chills, and the patch-work, and the kindness, all together, had a great deal to do in making her a better girl than she ever would have been without them.—*K. J. H., in the Methodist.*

A Little Sermon.

At a railroad station, not long ago, one of the beautiful lessons which all should learn was taught in such a natural, simple way, that none could forget it. It was a bleak, snowy day; the train was late, the ladies' room dark and smoky, and the dozen women, old and young, who sat waiting impatiently, all looked cross, low spirited or stupid.

Just then a forlorn old woman, shaking with the palsy, came in with a basket of little wares for sale, and went about mutely offering them to the sitters. Nobody bought anything, and the poor old soul stood blinking at the door a minute, as if reluctant to go out into the bitter storm again. She turned presently and poked about the room as if trying to find something, and then a pale lady in black who lay as if asleep on a sofa, opened her eyes, saw the old woman, and instantly asked in a kind tone, "Have you lost anything, ma'am?"

"No, dear. I'm looking for the heatin' place, to have a warm 'ore I go out ag'n. My eyes are poor and I don't seem to find the furnace nowhere."

"Here it is;" and the lady led her to the steam radiator, placed a chair, and showed her how to warm her feet.

"Well, now, ain't that nice?" said the old woman, spreading her ragged mittens to dry. "Thankee, dear; this is proper comfortable, ain't it? I'm most froze to-day, bein' lame and aching; and not selling much made me sort of down hearted."

The lady smiled, went to the counter, bought a cup of tea and some sort of food, carried it herself to the old woman and said, as respectfully and kindly as if the poor soul had been dressed in silk and fur, "Won't you have a cup of hot tea? It's very comforting such a day as this."

"Sakes alive! Do they give tea at this depot?" cried the old lady in a tone of innocent surprise, that made a smile go round the room, touching the glummest face like a stream of sunshine. "Well, now, this is just lovely," added the old lady, sipping away with a relish. "That does warm my heart."

While she refreshed herself, telling her story meanwhile, the lady looked over the poor little wares in the basket, bought soap, pins, and shoe strings, and cheered the old soul by paying well for them.

As I watched her doing this I thought what a sweet face she had, though I'd considered her rather plain before. I felt dreadfully ashamed of myself that I had grimly shaken my head when the basket was offered to me; and, as I saw a look of interest, sympathy and kindness come into the faces around me, I did wish that I had been the magician to call it out. It was only a kind word and a friendly act; but somehow it brightened that dingy room wonderfully. It changed the faces of a dozen women; and I think it touched a dozen hearts, for I saw many eyes follow the plain pale lady with sudden respect; and when the old woman, with many thanks, got up to go, several persons beckoned to her and bought something, as if they wanted to repair their negligence.

There were no gentlemen present to be impressed by the lady's kind act; so it was not done for effect, and no possible reward could be received for it, except the thanks of a poor old woman. But that simple little charity was as good as a sermon, and I think each traveler went on her way better for that half hour in the dreary room.—*S. S. Workman.*

Blind, Deaf, Dumb and Insane Persons.

Census returns, soon to be published, show that there are in the United States 20,320 blind persons, of whom 11,343 are males and 8,977 females. The whites are 16,966, blacks 2,996; mulattoes 355, Chinese 4, and Indians 29. There are of deaf and dumb 14,205; males 8,916; females 7,298. All except 1,298 are white. The whole number of insane is 37,382; males 18,174, females 19,208. Except 1,522 all are white. Of the idiotic there are 14,485 males and 10,042 females; total 24,527. The proportion of negroes is much larger in this class of unfortunates than in either of the others, and including both blacks and mulattoes, are 5,188. The whole number of those who are both blind and deaf and dumb is 96 persons, both blind and insane 75; blind and idiotic 105; blind, deaf and dumb and also insane 7; blind, deaf and dumb and also idiotic 11. It will be noticed that in all classes of unfortunates except the insane, the number of males is much greater than the number of females.

Wit and Humor.

IN THE TUNNEL.

Riding up from Bangor,
In the Pullman train,
From a six weeks' shooting
In the woods of Maine,
Quite exclusive whiskers,
Beard, mustache as well,
Sat a dandy fellow,
Tall, and fine, and swell.

Empty seat behind him,
No one at his side;
To a pleasant station
Now the train drew nigh.
Enter next couple,
Take the hinder seat;
Enter gentle maiden,
Beautiful, petite.

Blushing she falters:
"Is this seat engaged?"
(See the next couple
Properly enraged.)
Student, quite ecstatic,
Sees her tickets "through,"
Thinks of the long tunnel—
Knows what he will do.

So they sit and chatter,
While the cinders fly,
Till that "student feller"
Gets one in his eye;
And the gentle maiden
Quickly turns about—
"May I, if you please sir,
Try to get it out?"

Happy "student feller"
Feels a dainty touch;
Hears a gentle whisper,—
"Does it hurt you much?"
Fizz! ding, dong! a moment
In the tunnel quite,
And a glorious darkness
Back as Egypt's night.

* * * *

On, into the daylight
Darts the Pullman train;
Student's beaver ruffled
Just the merest grain;
Maiden's hair is tumbled,
And there soon appeared
Cunning little earring
Caught in student's beard.

—*Harvard Advocate*

LOCKED OUT OF A SLEEPING CAR

Clothes Inside.

"One sweetly solemn thought comes to me o'er and o'er, I'm nearer to my home to-day that I have ever been before." I have got the worst cold that you ever heard of. I am all hot sling inside, bread poultice outside, and utterly miserable on every side. There is boiled onions on the sole of each foot, a camphor rag on the crown of my head, and mustard plasters eating me up at intermediate stations.—When I stir a rheumatic pain darts down my back, forks down my legs, and shoots into space out of each big toe. When I talk a neuralgic pain dodges playfully around my jaw-bones. When I scowl my head aches. When I laugh my teeth ache. I am altogether, you understand, the most painful circus that you ever saw.

It was a beautiful, balmy night, and not a cloud-veil hung between Nature's face and the winking stars, when I packed my paper collar and capered joyously to the depot. I disbursed an additional sufficiency of currency, and pre-empted a shelf in the car appropriated to slumbering recumbency. I disrobed. I filed myself carefully away. I fain would have slept. But the gentle mosquitoes sang to me bits of song, and they bit more than they sang; while the humble bugs lunched off me with charming simplicity. Was that a time for sleep? No; it was a fitting season for meditation, and for sweet communion with Nature in her most devouring mood. The mosquitoes and the bugs, untutored children of Nature, furnished ample food for thought; and I furnished ample food for those untutored children. But their infantile appetites were finally satiated, and the gentle murmur of their snores told me that they slept the sleep of innocence. An occasional nightmare groan indicated an overloaded bug-stomach; and ever and anon a few broken notes—mosquito bars—commented unfavorably upon the digestibility of my flesh for insect consumption. Otherwise a sweet peace reigned, and an ineffable calm, you observe, permeated my being. I wanted to commune some more with Nature; but I remarked to myself that I would sample her in her non-consuming aspect. I seemed to pine for a change, you understand—to hanker after a variety of pleasures. Therefore I removed from the shelf what remained of me—very carefully removed my remnanted personality, because I wished not to crush the myriad hosts which encompassed me about.

Clothed in enthusiasm and undershirt, I wended my airy way to the front platform, and perched me gracefully up on the top of the brake. The scenery, as it rolled by in a moon-lit panorama, inspired me with rapturous admiration; the rushing an the thunder of the train sent the blood coursing through my veins; and the cold iron of the brake gave me chills. I climbed myself down, and casually remarked that I would return to the shelf and to the mosquitoes, and the bugs. I turned the knob, but the door opened not at all. It had, you observe, a spring catch on it—and it had caught me. I banged, but the thundering train drowned my ineffectual thumps. Then I swore—and shivered. Then I sat despondently down on the steps—and nearly shivered myself off. Then I jumped up and down, swore more, and yelled like a Camanche—but more than anything else, you comprehend, I shivered. It grew colder, the sky clouded, and it began to rain—each drop holding a quart of ice water.

Not to harrow your feelings, gentle reader, I pass over that dreadful night. It was mainly spent in shivering, swearing, and ringing the rain out of my apparel. After suffering untold tortures, I became desperate, and mounted the brake again; and there I sat, with my feet hanging over, and froze fast as the rain changed to sleet and the air grew icy. Daylight came, and I was an object of wonder to the people we passed. Finally I was discovered by the brakeman, who pried me off with an iron bar. Then I found the cold that I told you about listened to me. And that is why "a sweetly solemn thought comes to me o'er and o'er, I am nearer my home to-day than I have ever been before."

TITUS A. BRICK.

A Free Ride—Nebraska Story of Buffalo Hunting.

BY SELF SHARPNER.

I have never been an advocate of deadheadism, from the fact that all my rides have been paid for.

Did I say *"all?"* No, not quite all, for there was one free ride that I had, and that, too, without any extra preparation. In fact, I might say that it was altogether against my wishes.

I suppose the reader would like to know about that free ride. So I will try and relate it, promising to tell the truth and to be as brief as possible.

There are plenty of buffaloes in Nebraska. Buffalo hunting is, consequently, frequently indulged in by the settlers. A great many are killed; and as they are the largest game known on the American continent, it is rare sport. At least that is what the majority of hunters call it. For my part I beg leave to differ from them.

Before I had tried it, I, like others, thought that it would be grand fun; so, from thinking, I was very anxious to take my first grand hunt. I took it, and am no keen to go again. No more buffalo hunt for me. *You will*——, no, not quite. Small game will do for me now, or in lieu of that, I'll dig potatoes.

A party was gotten up in the fall of 1868, to go out to the Buffalo Range, about one hundred miles west of the Missouri River, and take a grand hunt. This, now, was the long-wished for chance for me, and I went along.

We were well fixed for camping out, with such things as salt and frying pans to the choice morsels of steak, and barrels to salt our meat in; and, with jubilant spirits, we pushed out west, enlivening the journey with songs and many remarkable stories of our different hunting adventures. Of the latter, I am sorry to say, I don't believe the truth was strictly adhered to in all cases.

Well, we got to the Range safely, selected a good spot and made our camp. As it was late in the day, we did not try to hunt, but got our camp fixed comfortably, and cleaned and put our guns and knives in order.

That night I had a remarkable dream, and I have since interpreted it, but at the time I laid it to a late hearty supper and hard bed, and in half an hour after I thought no more about it. Thus it ran: I was at a lonesome station on the Pacific Railroad. The engine and tender were standing on the track. No human being was near. I got aboard. All steam was yet on, as if waiting for the engineer. I thought the steam was too high. I took hold of the valve to let some escape, when off went the iron-horse like a streak of lightning.

Further, faster! hills, trees and stations were all mingled together.

I was dreadfully alarmed, yet, try as I would, I could not stop the fiery and untamed steed; nor dared I attempt to get off. Then it rocked and jolted so that, to keep my equilibrium, I grasped two stakes. The stakes soon took the shape of Buffalo horns, and the engine resembled an immense buffalo. Soon my imaginary buffalo ran off the track. A gulley was just before; down that we pitched, and landed at the bottom a complete wreck.

I awoke.

The sun was just rising above the eastern prairie ridges when we started forth in companies of twos to try our skill. I, and my companion, took to the north for a bushy hollow, some two miles from camp. Arriving there we espied a large gang of buffaloes near the head, about half a mile distant. By keeping under cover of the brush we succeeded in getting within gun shot of a fine looking old fellow without his being aware of our presence.

Now was our chance! Taking deliberate aim we both fired at once. Down he dropped, and up we ran to cut his throat.

He had settled down—all his feet under him. My partner told me to pull him over on his side, that we might bleed him. I grasped his horns, at the same time throwing my leg over his neck. In an instant he was upon his feet, and, with a tremendous bellow, was bounding over the prairie with the fleetness of a race-horse.

It was all so sudden that, from the first movement he made in rising, I was unable to free myself from him without danger of injury. So like a toad on a tussoc, I held on for dear life. I had relinquished his horns, and taken a firm grip in his long, shaggy hair. I need not say that I was alarmed, for the reader can guess that much.

On, on, we went, and soon joined a large herd, and the bellowing was almost deafening; and the speed with which they moved, was certainly a caution to the greasiest of greased lightning.

The herd being the freshest, and not having riders, of course took the lead, whilst I, and my Bucephalus, brought up the rear. Miles and miles we passed over, without any abatement of speed, until I began to fear I was in for a whole trip across the great American plains.

But, after some two hours, in which we must have gone twenty miles, my animal's spirits became somewhat jagged, and the herd began to gain upon us rapidly, soon leaving us far in the rear. And now I was in hope that he would fall insensible. But vain hope! All at once a deep cannon appeared just before us.—To the brink he went. Down he plunged, whilst I, making a sudden leap, landed head first, in a mass of rocks and brush, more dead than alive.

After recovering, I left my nearly worn out beast, and started on the back track. I met my comrades coming after me.—We got back to camp as soon as possible, fearing, from signs, an attack by the Indians. We left for home, without getting a buffalo. I don't hunt any more.

A Mutual Embarrassment.

Charley Thorne tells a good story of himself—or, if he don't tell it, some one tells it for him. It was in days long syne, and Thorne had been on a starring tour with Dan Marble into Canada, where a "beggarly account of empty boxes" had rewarded them for their Thespian toils. Coming back over the border, they made their way westward, and with what pecuniary result the sequel may show.

Marble had gone on to Jacksonville, and Thorne remained at Wilson's Cross Roads, where he had planned to pass the night at the only inn the place afforded. Upon applying for a room, he was informed that there was only one bed left, and that was in a room in which was another bed already engaged by Judge Bundy, of the Hickman and McCracken Circuit of Kentucky. Our Thespian hero had heard of the Judge as a general companionable man, and offered no serious objection to the arrangement, though he would have preferred a sleeping room to himself.

The judge retired at a late hour, and without a light; and the actor also disrobed and sought his couch in the dark. Both slept well—slept so well that they lay very late in the morning—lay, in fact, far into the day. The sun had been long up, and yet neither of them gave token of a disposition to arise; but each eyed the other with an interest and eagerness that at last became painful. Thorne could finally hold his peace no longer, and called out to his companion:

"Say, judge, why don't you get up?"

"If it's a fair rejoinder," returned Bundy, drawing the sheet more closely over his shoulders, "why don't you get up?"

"I have a good and sufficient reason," replied the actor.

"So have I," said the judge.

After a brief pause Thorne proposed:

"Give me your reason, and I will give you mine."

"Well," said the judge, desperately, at the same time kicking off the bed clothing and planting his feet upon the floor, "I had no shirt, and disliked exceedingly to expose my unfortunate predicament."

"Oho!" echoed Thorne, leaping from his bed with a jubilant bound, "why didn't you say so before? *That's exactly the matter with me!*"

They dressed jovially, and through the old time friendship of the landlord for the judge they were enabled, before they parted, to drink to each other better success in the future. That success has been theirs. Thorne, after a brilliant professional career, has retired upon a competence; while the judge only a few years since, passed down into the shadowy vale, leaving wealth behind him, and a name honored and revered.

Spriggins said he prevented a severe case of hydrophobia, by simply getting on a high fence and waiting there till the dog left.

A drawing master, worrying his pupil with contemptuous remarks upon his lack of ability, ended by asking, "Now, sir, if you were going to draw me, what part of me would you commence first?" The boy, with a meaning look into his master's face, answered very quietly—"Your nose, sir!"

"Jenny," said a landlady to her help, the other morning, "Jenny, was there any fire in the kitchen last night, while you were sitting up?" "Only just a spark, ma'am," was the reply. The landlady looked suspiciously at Jenny, but the innocent girl went on scrubbing and humming "Katy Darling."

A Colorado saloon keeper said of a rough crowd: "I couldn't get their whiskey strong enough for them, so after trying every way, I at last made a mixture of poison oak and butternut. That fetched them. I called it the sheep herder's delight and it was a peculiar drink. The first Pike I tried it on yelled with delight; the next one took two drinks and turned a double somersault in the road before the house. A peddler came along, and after he took several drinks o my sheep herder's delight he went off and stole his own pack and hid it in the woods."

Too Bad.—An eccentric friend of ours says the Litchfield (C.) *Enquirer*, stepped into a store in the village, which shall be nameless, where some "colored brethern" were doing a little trading.

"Ah! Mr.——" said our friend, "you have your cousins in I see."

The young merchant said nothing, but looked mad. Our friend stepped out, but in a few moments returned, after the sable customers had departed.

"I hope you won't take any offence at what I remarked here just now," said he.

"Oh, no," said the merchant, "I never take offence at anything you say."

"Glad of it," replied our quizzer, "the niggers are as mad as the d—l!"

And then he sloped, narrowly missing a flying yard-stick.

General Cruft, one of our prominent lawyers, was hailed, while passing Freeman's jewelry store, by the proprietor, with, "General, come in here a moment; we have something for you to solve. If a man brings his watch to be fixed, and it costs me ten cents to do it, and I keep it a week and charge him six dollars, what per cent do I make? We have been figuring and make it nine hundred per cent, and have only got up to one dollar. How much do you say it will be at six dollars?" "Well," replied the General, "I do not wonder at your perplexity, for it is well known, and the celebrated Babbage calculating machine has demonstrated that at certain points in progressive numbers the law governing them changes. In this case the law would change, and long before it would reach the six dollars it would run out of per cent and into what is known as larceny."—*Harper's Magazine.*

Miscellany.

AROMA OF PEKIN.

A City Without Sewers—Uncertainty of Asiatic Women.

[Mr. James Brooks' Pekin Letter in the New York Express.]

How human beings live by the hundred thousands in such a city as this is only to be accounted for by their insensibility to sights and smells; but they don't see, and they don't smell. Eyes and noses in China, are, indeed, often as great curses as they are generally big blessings. I should like to dispense with a nose till I get back to America, or into Europe, if I could then buy it back again! No sewers, no closets, no drains! No way of letting out of the big city the filth in it. Streets uncleaned for two centuries, save by the hogs and vultures. The poor are unclad and unwashed, with skins the water seems to have penetrated, and eyes that are sore—but why pain you to describe? Imagine the worst of everything, in that way, and that worst is all here. Nevertheless, people do live here, and some few magnificently. There are some wealthy Chinese. There are some wealthy mandarins. The interior of some of their hapless exterior looking dwellings abound in a certain species of luxuries, and in a very few comforts. What Pekin is, therefore, one cannot see in the streets; and as a foreigner can only with great difficulty get into a Chinese home, no stranger is likely to see more than these streets. There are sumptuary laws in Pekin that forbid luxurious indulgence. No mandarin can ever ride in a Sedan chair, no matter how many battles he has won, what their color is, or fans he carries, but by special permission of the Emperor. The foreigners attached to legations use it as a representative of home majesty, and the "insolence" is tolerated from necessity; but no Cuinaman ventures upon anything beyond a cart, save on two great days of life, or death—the first a marriage procession, and the second a funeral. Luxuries are allowed then. The woman, then, the only day of her life, rides in a sort of sedan. Hence, now I understand the commotion made on the night of my entering the city in an open sedan, and a lady in it. These sumptuary laws I speak of pervade, I am told, all Pekin life, and are here especially kept up to keep the people as far as possible removed from the luxuries of the Emperor. They do not exist elsewhere in China, only in this court city, where the Emperor is. The mandarin has his special sable robe or ermine adornments in winter. As for the women, they seem to be of no account here, save as mothers of children. The Cuinaman takes as many wives here as he can support—the Emperor has them by the hundred—but the first wife is the real wife, the only mistress of the establishment, and the others are only her handmaids about the establishment, and they all obey her. The Abrahams, Isaac and Jacob mode of life is the life in Onius yet. They have not advanced, in this respect, a step beyond the Patriarchs. What a field this would be for Mrs. Cady Stanton and the other bright, strong-minded ladies, who in America are for reforming the world—for woman is not of the least account here, save to be petted and well painted with white powder and vermillion, hair long, skewered, and well glued, so that a gale of wind can not disturb it—the whole standing upon two little props, looking like bird's claws done up in sandals, and here called feet. Alas! women-fashions are equally foolish everywhere! I bet in Japan, once, the woman's hair was her own, and lost the bet. I would not bet on anything about women in China now, from her head to her foot-claws—from her long nails to the color of her face. Copper, I should have called her color, but I see so many powdered and vermillion faces, that I am not certain, now, the woman race is not white with red cheeks, or cheeks a little reddened. Above the brows is often painted red, with the eyelids, too.

A SOLAR EXPLOSION.

Wonderful Appearance of a Hydrogen Cloud.

On the 7th of last September Prof. Young, of Dartmouth College, was examining, by means of his spectroscope, an enormous flame or hydrogen cloud on the eastern border of the sun; it was formed of nearly horizontal filaments, with its lower surface 15,000 miles above the visible border of the sun, to which it was connected by three or four bright vertical columns. The length of this cloud was 100,000 miles and its vertical thickness 54,000 miles.

It had presented this form and these dimensions at noon of the preceding day; he left the telescope at 12:30 p. m., and on returning in less than half an hour, he was surprised to find that during that interval "the whole thing had been literally torn to shreds by some inconceivable uprush from beneath." In place, he says, of the quiet cloud I had left, the sir, if I may use the expression, was filled with flying debris—a mass of detached, vertical fusiform filaments. When I first looked, some of them had already reached a height of nearly one hundred thousand miles, and while I watched them they rose with a motion almost imperceptible to the eye, until in ten minutes the uppermost were more than two hundred thousand miles above the solar surface.

As the filaments rose they gradually faded away like a dissolving cloud, and at 1:15 P. M. only a few flimsy whisps, with some lighter streamers, low down near the chromosphere, remained to mark the place. But in the meanwhile, the little "thunder head," before alluded to, had grown and developed wonderfully into a mass of rolling and ever changing flame, to speak according to appearance. First, it was crowded down, as it were, along the solar surface; later it rose almost pyramidally 50,000 miles in height; then its summit was drawn out into long filaments and threads which were most curiously rolled backwards and downwards, like the volutes of an Ionic capital, and finally faded away, and by 2:30 P. M. had vanished like the other.

* * * * * Whether the fine aurora borealis which succeeded in the evening was really the earth's response (he refers to the supposed physical connection between the disturbance of the earth's magnetism and changes in the atmosphere of the sun) to this magnificent outburst of the sun is perhaps uncertain, but the coincidence is at least suggestive, and may easily become something more, if, as I somewhat confidently expect to learn, the Greenwich magnetic record indicates a disturbance precisely simultaneously with the solar explosion.

A San Francisco Story.—Hospitality is a virtue, but abuses of its privileges are so common that one is tempted to regard it as generally better in theory than in practice. That is to say, it is a virtue to be exercised with caution, and of the truth of this opinion a Mrs. B., of San Francisco, has been disagreeably convinced. Mrs. B. is one of those ladies described as moving in the "best circles," and lately she was informed by letter that a beautiful and accomplished niece of an intimate friend was about to make her a visit. Glad to welcome an eastern belle, Mrs. B. determined to omit nothing that could render her guest's stay pleasant. In due time Georgie Mandeville arrived, and her beauty, her rare accomplishments, and above all, her luxurious golden tresses, became at once the theme of conversation among the San Francisco bachelors. The story is easily guessed: She saw, she conquered. A wealthy broker offered the fascinating niece his hand and heart, and being fortunate in his suit, pressed for an immediate marriage. Mrs. B. rejoiced, and to her rejoicing came the anxious niece. What should she do for a trousseau? she had written to her banker, but it took time to receive money. Of course Mrs. B. was only too glad to advance the necessary $5,000, and a magnificent array of laces and other goods was at Miss Georgie's disposal. Meantime, having told her predicament to her betrothed, he, too, had handed his check for a like amount to his enslaver. As they say on the stage, "Exit Georgie, enter police." A trunk of cast-off clothing and a profusion of golden hair was all that the fictitious niece but clever swindler had left behind her.

General Sherman's European Visit.

General Sherman says with reference to his trip to Europe: "I go abroad in no official capacity. I take no pay whatever, and am performing no service for the country at all. I shall be accompanied only by one officer of my staff, Col. Audenried, and it is distinctly understood that, if it is necessary, the Secretary of war can summon me by telegraph, in which case I shall, of course, return home immediately. Lieut. Grant has been but recently graduated at West Point, and the President considered my going abroad a good opportunity to send his son to Europe for the first time. Indeed, I have never been to Europe myself, which is sufficient reason for the trip without any necessity of official business. Admiral Alden is to take command of the European squadron on his arrival, and I go simply as his guest, as does Lieut. Grant, who, as well as myself, pays his own way. Unless my presence here is required before, I shall leave the Wabash about April next, and come home leisurely through Europe to England, and thence to New York by one of the ordinary steam packets. The Wabash will not vary her course at all in consequence of our being aboard, as we go only as privileged passengers, and Admiral Alden will select his route according to his assigned duties as Admiral of the regular European squadron. The Wabash will probably cruise about the Mediterranean most of the winter, and we shall be enabled, under very favorable circumstances, to see such places as Madeira, Lisbon, Gibraltar, Genoa, Naples, the Suez canal and Constantinople; while during the time the vessel lies in port anywhere for coaling or for other purposes, we can make excursions as we choose into the interior."

Iron Churches.—The Ross Street (Brooklyn) Presbyterian Church has just contracted for a new house, to be built of iron. The process is thus described: These churches are, for all practical purposes, the same as if built entirely of iron. A substantial skeleton of stout timbers is erected, and filled with an inner wall of brick. This is covered on the outside with boards, which serve as a secure foundation for the corrugated sheet of galvanized iron. To these boards the iron is securely nailed, the whole forming a structure which, for economy, solidity, lightness, reliability, durability, and capacity for resisting fire, is all that can be desired.

The building for the Ross Street Church is to be 87 feet in front of Ross street, extending back 114 feet to the rear wall of the chapel. It is to cost $35,000. There are two spires, which are of "medallion metal." This metal is white, and of high finish, giving the spires a splendid appearance as they glisten in the sunshine. The highest spire is 189 feet, the lower one 110 feet. The external iron work is painted tastefully, the prevailing color being that of olive freestone. The steps are of stone, and remarkably solid. A brick or stone church of these dimensions would cost $100,000.

New Tanning Material.—A citizen in Vermont has made a discovery in tanning leather, which he claims will revolutionize the business. The material he uses is rye from the forest leaves. He has been experimenting with leaves for the past two months, and the result is said to be entirely satisfactory. One ton of leaves will tan as much leather as five cords of hemlock bark, and will do the work in one-half the time. By mixing the leaves and bark in equal proportions, one-fourth of the time is saved. The leather tanned by this process is smoother, more flexible, and yet retains the strength of the raw hide in a greater degree than that tanned by bark.

The Augusta *Constitutionalist*, a Democratic paper, appeals to the people and to the authorities of the counties in Georgia where the Ku Klux flourish, to take them in hand, and, through their courts and grand juries, to take notice of and punish all such infractions of law and violations of the rights of persons and property. Had these Democratic papers and leaders adopted this course long since, they and the country would have been spared the last legislation of Congress on that subject, and also the use of the military which those States to protect life and property.

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Farm and House.

SONG OF THE HUSKERS.

Heap high the farmer's wintry board
Heap high the golden corn!
No richer gift has autumn poured
From out her lavish horn.

Let other lands, exulting, glean
The apple from the pine,
The orange from the glossy green,
The cluster from the vine.

We better love the hardy gift
Our rugged vales bestow,
To cheer us when the storms shall drift
Our harvest field with snow.

Though vales of grass and meads of flowers
Our plows their furrows made,
While o'er the hills the sun and showers
Of changeful April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain,
Beneath the sun of May,
And fitly toned from our sprouting grain
The robber crows away.

All through the long bright days of June
Its leaves grew strong and fair,
And waved in hot midsummer's noon
Its soft and yellow hair.

And now with autumn's moonlit eyes,
Its harvest time has come,
We pluck away the frosted leaves,
And bear the treasure home.

There, richer than the fabled gifts
Apollo showered of old,
Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,
And knead the meal of gold.

Let vapid idlers loll in silk,
Around their costly board;
Give us the bowl of samp and milk,
By homespun beauty poured.

Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth
Sends up its smoky curls,
Who will not thank the kindly earth,
And bless the farmer girls?

Then shame on all the proud and vain,
Whose folly longs to scorn
The blessings of our hardy grain,
Our wealth of golden corn.

And let the wood-crop duly adorn
The hill-sides of our land:
Still let us for His golden corn
Send up our thanks to God!

—JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Notes and Gleanings.

The Michigan State Poultry Association was organized in Detroit November 4. A. H. West, of Detroit, was elected President; E. C. Skinner, of Detroit, Secretary. It was decided to hold an Exhibition in Detroit sometime in the coming winter.

P. J. Berckhaus, Augusta, Georgia, has been chosen President of the Cotton States Fair Association in place of Dr. Dutt, resigned.

The New Hampshire State Board of Agriculture has, we learn, made arrangements for holding meetings for discussion in every county in the State.

A Tobacco Growers' Association has been organized at Evansville, Wis., the objects of which is to collect information as to the prices, amount and condition of the crop and to discuss the cultivation and management of this plant.

The Michigan Agricultural College Farm contains 676 and 59 100 acres; 850 are under cultivation, 150 under the plow and the remainder in meadows, lawns and pastures. This does not include the gardens, which occupy several acres.

As an evidence of the growing favor of Jersey cattle, it may be stated that at a sale by Mr. Converse, of Southboro, Mass., 26 head sold for $4,002 75, an average of $156 25.

At the sale of Mr. Thomas Bell's herd, the two year old bull Eighth Duke of York brought the extraordinary price of 1,065 guineas—$5,325, gold. The 49 head sold averaged £58 13s. At a sale in Lincolnshire 82 head averaged £48, at the annual sale of Mr. H. G. Sheldon, 41 head averaged £86.

The American Bee Keepers' Association will meet at Cleveland, Ohio, on the 6th, 7th and 8th of December, 1871. A general call is made for all interested to attend. Railroad lines are all granting half fare rates.

The Iowa Bee Keepers' Association at its last meeting in Des Moines, December 15th and 16th, 1867, at its close adjourned to meet at Des Moines, the second Wednesday of Jan. 1872.

The officers of the Maryland State Agricultural Society for 1872, are: Pres.—J. H. Rieman. Cor Sec.—W. S. G. Baker. Gen. Sec. and Treas.—D. C. Trimble. Ex. Com.—J. H. Rieman, Baltimore county; Gen. G. S. Brown, Baltimore city; J. H. McHenry, Baltimore county; Dr. W. H. McCourcy, Queen Ann's; H. H. Devries, Howard; R. F. Maynard, Baltimore county; J. L. Johnson, Baltimore city; J. Slingluff, Baltimore county; W. Devries, do; B. H. Waring, Baltimore city.

A correspondent of the Pacific *Rural Press* says: "Take a large head of cabbage, strip off the outer leaf, and slip off the bud found at the root of the leaf. Take this and simply set it in rich dirt, like any other plant. The result will be a fine growth of early cabbage plants, with heads larger and sounder than can be raised in the ordinary way."

H. A. T., Indian Bay, Arkansas, in case of founder in horses, uses alum as follows:—"Make a drench of one tablespoonful for a dose; give two doses, an hour apart. Take a bucket of scalding water, put in it one teacupful of turpentine and one pint of salt. Bathe the horse's legs well from the knees down. If he flinches, don't go so high up. It will not take hair off. This will cure the worst case in two hours. We have successfully tried it."

A correspondent of the Canada *Farmer* writes relative to sore or galled shoulders of horses: "Wash them well every night and morning with a strong solution of oak bark, made by boiling the bark in water, then rub them well with linseed oil. Anoint them every night and morning with a salve made of three parts of linseed oil and one part of quick lime. To make horses' shoulders tough, wash the shoulders well twice a day, for a week before working, with the oak bark solution."

One of the largest planters of the South is Col. G. B. Duckett, of Georgia. He has planted this year 6,500 acres of cotton, and 3,500 acres of small grain. At the lowest estimate, his cotton crop will sell for $180,000. Col. Duckett employs 250 hands, all black, and has no trouble with his help, who are orderly and tolerably industrious. He thinks that cotton can be raised more cheaply than before the war.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

GRAHAM FLOUR MUFFINS.—One pint of sour milk, a teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of sugar, and graham flour enough to make a thick batter. Bake in rings, or drop in spoonfuls on a square tin. A little salt should be added to the batter before baking.

RICE WAFFLES.—Take one quart of sweet milk, two coffee cups of boiled rice, and three-quarters of a cup of wheat flour; warm the milk; stir in the above named articles; add half a teacup of home made yeast and half a teaspoonful of salt. Make at twelve o'clock, to use for tea at six. Set in a warm place. Bake in waffle irons.

ENGLISH SALAD SAUCE.—Pound in a mortar the hard boiled yolk of an egg; mix with it a salt spoonful of salt, a tea spoonful of mustard flour, a mashed mealy potato, two dessert spoonfuls each of cream and olive oil, and a tablespoonful of good vinegar.

LITTLE CAKES.—To make with the whites of eggs: Two cups of sugar, one small cup of butter, one cup of milk, the whites of six eggs, three and one-half cups of flour, with two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar sifted into it; one teaspoonful of soda added the last thing. Flavor with a little nutmeg and cinnamon.

WATER CAKE.—One teacup of sugar, two eggs, a half cup of butter, one teacup of water, two cups of flour, two tablespoonfuls of cream of tartar, one of soda; beat the butter and eggs to a cream; then add the other ingredients; stir well and bake quick. Flavor with nutmeg or lemon.

BRAIDING MEAT.—Use an old-fashioned bake-pan or bake-kettle—if by an old-fashioned fire, with a cover arranged to hold live coals. Meats cooked slowly and for a long time, in a braising or bake-pan, with the steam confined around them, have a richness of flavor not otherwise obtained. The meat should be browned, and water enough added from time to time to prevent burning, and form a rich gravy with the juice of the meat. Veal, usually so badly cooked, becomes, when treated in this way, a delicious morsel; and so of a thick slice of ham cooked long and slowly.

PURIFICATION OF FATS.—The *Comptes Rendus* gives an account of a process communicated to the French Academy, by M. Bolliet. Suet, or fat of any kind, is heated for 3 or 4 hours with lime water, the proportions being about ¼ a gallon of lime water to 2½ lbs. of fat; it is then allowed to cool. As soon as the fat is sufficiently set, it is transferred to a linen or flannel bag, and the water and oleic acid squeezed from it by gradually increasing pressure, in a hydraulic press, or otherwise. He states that fatty matter thus treated loses all bad smell, and acquire remarkable whiteness and hardness, after standing a few days. It remelted in water, acidulated with sulphuric acid, acetic acid or vinegar, as it is to be obtained which is 'perfectly' purified, and can be applied to all purposes for which the best lard is ever employed.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry.*

TO CLEAN BLACK CLOTH.—Dissolve one ounce of bicarbonate of ammonia in one quart of warm water. With this liquid rub the cloth, using a piece of flannel or black cloth for the purpose. After the application of this solution, clean the cloth well with clear water, dry and iron it, brushing the cloth from time to time in the direction of the fibre.

TO CLEAN CARPETS.—Salt sprinkled upon the carpet before sweeping, will make it look bright and clean. This is also a good preventive against moths.

DRYING PUMPKINS.—Pumpkin pies, especially when there is not an abundance of tree fruit, are handy. I have tried all modes of drying, but no other plan is equal to this: Take the ripe pumpkin, pare, cut into small pieces, stew soft, mash and strain through colender as if for making pies. Spread this pulp on plates in layers not quite an inch thick, dry it down in the stove oven kept at so low a temperature as not to scorch it. In about a day it will become dry and crisp. The sheets thus made can be stored away in a dry place, and they are always ready for use for pies or sauce. Soak the pieces over night in a little milk, and they will return to a nice pulp as delicious as the fresh pumpkin—I think much more so. The quick drying, after cooking, prevents any portion from slightly souring, as is always the case when the uncooked pieces are dried; the flavor is much better preserved and the after cooking is saved. This plan is quite as little trouble as the old mode, to say nothing of the superiority in the quality of the material obtained. Try it and you will not return to the old mode, and you will also become a great lover of pumpkin pies all the year round.—*Cor. Germantown Telegraph.*

TO KEEP CIDER SWEET.—Mr. A. Spicer, of Summit county, O., writes to an exchange as follows: Use sound apples in making your cider, and when it commences to ferment and is about half worked, the pumice will partially separate from the cider; then strain through three thicknesses of flannel covered with a good coat of straw. Fill your barrel lacking about a gallon, to prevent bursting. Keep it corked up tightly, and insert your faucet at the bottom. You can draw a pitcher of cider at any time without admitting the air, and thus keep it from fermenting too much, without introducing any foreign matter, and it will retain its original flavor and color. Since my discovery of this method, I have thoroughly tested it and consider it valuable.

Printer's Ink for Canker Worms.

The grub begins to come forth from its chrysalis form after the first of November, in some seasons as early as the middle or 20th of October, if there is an early and hard freeze of the ground by that time. The females are wingless, and as soon as they come from the ground they aim for the trunk of the tree and begin the ascent. They continue coming out of the ground when it is open, that is when the frost will permit, till about the first of April, but usually in greater numbers in March than in the fall. The males, which have wings, come out a little later and they are less numerous.—The female ascends the tree more or less rapidly, according to the mildness of the weather. Cold nights benumb her and check her progress, but she is ready for a fresh start as soon as a warm day comes. The males are more active in the darkest night than in the sunniest and warmest day.

With all the numerous patents for protection, some of them rather expensive and troublesome, we are not aware that any plan has been devised that is on the whole, so good and effectual as the old mode of tarring, which was practiced half a century ago and is still often adopted. The only objection is that it involves the necessity of applying so often, on account of the liability to dry and harden with a surface that enables the insects to walk over it.

The use of printer's ink is a great improvement on tar, because it does not dry so readily. To apply it, take a strip of tarred paper, six or eight inches wide and tack it around the body of the tree. If the tree is old and rough scrape off the roughest bark, and fill up any irregularities of the tree with tow or cotton batting. Put the paper on near the ground within a foot or two of it, so that cattle won't rub it off and smear themselves with it. It keeps the female grubs low down also, for when they find themselves obstructed by the ink, they back down and deposit their eggs below it, but often without impregnation. You must get the best kind of ink, because the best is cheaper in the end, and it remains sticky longer than the cheaper preparations, some of which are completely worthless.

Apply the ink with a brush near the top of the paper, so that it will not run down on to the bark of the tree. It will injure it if it does, by attracting an unusual amount of heat from the sun. In some instances, where the ink has been applied directly to the bark of the tree it has killed it, but the same would be the case under the same circumstances with tar. The paper ought to be taken off of the tree after the season is over, say in June, because it makes a fine harbor for all sorts of vile insects through the summer.

Apply a new coating of ink as often as it dries on the surface, say at intervals varying from three to ten days according to the weather. Occasionally through the winter, there will be warm and thawing spells, when the grubs come out of the ground, and then there should be an application of ink, but with tolerably steady cold weather, they won't trouble much till the 10th or 15th of March, after which they should be followed up until April. It is a good plan also to apply a little ink just as the eggs hatch, early in May, so as to catch any that may hatch below the paper on the trunk of the tree. If it is found about the first of June that any worms are on the trees, owing to some neglect to apply the ink at the right time, a jarring of the limbs will make them spin down; when they start at once for the trunk. A little applied then will stop them.

Taking one year with another, the cost of ink, paper, and labor, in a large orchard, will average about ten cents to a tree. Not so much as to frighten anybody.—*Ed. Massachusetts Ploughman.*

Miscellany.

SOMNAMBULISM IN STEUBENVILLE.

A Young Lady Enters a Young Gentleman's Room and Steals His Clothing.

On Thursday night a singular case of somnambulism occurred in this city, the victim being a young lady of eighteen, of good family and prepossessing appearance. She had the habit of getting up in her sleep and going about the house at night, after all had retired, always returning to her room, however, without disturbing the family. On the evening mentioned, the air sleep-walker arose about midnight and with lighted lamp commenced to explore the house. In one room was a young man, a friend of her father's who had arrived that evening, and among the chambers visited was his apartment. The door leading into the room being unlocked, the unconscious young lady, with a lamp in her hand, entered the room, and while the visitor was in the arms of Morpheus, gathered his clothes, coat, pants, vest and boots, even to his hat—not leaving a garment to clothe his frame, and deposited them all in the kitchen, turning the dish pan over the duds. Her father, hearing the noise made by the handling of the pan, discovered the somnambulist and witnessed the singular proceeding, and without being detected followed her sleeping girl back to her room, saw the put out the light, lock the door and retire. Comprehending the situation at once, he, without notifying his wife, went to bed. The young man was called to breakfast next morning. He answered the summons from the closed door, but the family waited until the breakfast got cold, impatient at the length of time it took the young man to make his toilet. Mr. —— enjoying the joke, and seeing the unconscious cause quietly seated in the dining room, could keep in no longer. Going to the kitchen he lifted up the dish-pan and exhibited the wardrobe of the tardy guest. It is unnecessary to add an explanation had to be made to the clotheless young man up stairs, who had been searching in vain for the missing garments. There was very little breakfast eaten Friday morning in that House, and of those about the table the somnambulist was not counted in.—*Steubenville Herald.*

Spunky Girls.

Four of our Galesburg ladies—who must be nameless here—have been among our farmers collecting or "begging," as they are pleased to term it, for the Chicago sufferers. In their travels they came upon an honest farmer of the copperhead persuasion, who doesn't read or take a paper of any kind. He hadn't heard of the Chicago fire and didn't believe a word of it. Indeed, the last time he heard from the United States the "war for the rebellion" was still going on. No, he wouldn't give a darned thing for the wounded; it was nothing but a nigger war, and they could suffer and be damned. The ladies, who are all good talkers you know, explained that many poor people had been made homeless and penniless by the Chicago fire. But he would not be convinced. He said they might have fired the other way. Finally one of the ladies produced a copy of the *Register* and read its dispatches during the catastrophe. The old gentleman still thought there was a Republican trick in it, but told the handsome dressed ladies that he had a lot of potatoes there in the ground, and if they "were a mind to dig 'em they could have all they wanted." The offer was accepted, and the ladies who knew their customer, jumped nimbly from their light spring wagon, each with spade in hand, and set to work. The farmer stood aghast, surveying his new field hands with undisguised amazement. They gathered about twenty bushels, and went back yesterday for more. Before noon to-day the last of that patch will be coming into town in that spring wagon. Bless their dear souls, how we wish we were permitted to give their names.—*Galesburgh (Illinois) Register.*

THE NEXT COMET.—Enck's comet is now on its way towards the perihelion, which it will reach in January next. The comet has been telescopically visible for some time; but it is not an object of special interest to those whose vision is unaided by instruments. It has a very short period—only three years and a quarter. The least distance from the sun is 32,000,000 miles, or about the average distance of Mercury. The greatest distance is 887,000,000 miles, or more than four times that of the earth. This comet is principally of interest because its period of revolution has diminished to the extent of about three days in the past eighty years, a fact which is generally accepted as furnishing the best proof of the theory that the regions of space are filled by material "ether" capable of retarding the motion of the bodies composing the solar system. Of course this resisting medium would produce an annual effect upon the comet of a few tons in weight that would not be experienced by our earth in the course of thousands of ages. But the result, though long deferred, is none the less inevitable—earth, planets and comets will be eventually precipitated into the sun.

A VALUABLE relic of antiquity has, says the *Levant Herald*, lately been discovered in the grounds of the Russian pilgrim's monastery outside the walls of Jerusalem. It is monolith cut of a single block and only half complete. From a description in the history of Flavius Josephus, it is believed to be a column intended for the decoration of the ancient Temple of Solomon, but that, as the column split while it was being worked, it was left unfinished, the lower part of it remaining in rough unhewn state. The monolith, which is about thirty-nine feet in length by six in diameter, will certainly prove an object of keen interests to archæologists; and it is to be hoped that it will be retained in a place of safety, the pillage of monuments of antiquity in the East being now systematic.

The Chinese keep grapes perfectly fresh and sound for a long time by the following plan: They cut a circular hole in a ripe pumpkin, large enough to admit the hand. The contents are then taken out, and the hollow is filled with bunches of ripe grapes. The piece which was cut out is replaced, and the pumpkin is kept in some cool, dry place.

What Will Become of the Democratic Party.

From the Auburn Advertiser.

The great old Democratic party, that for nearly forty years held almost undisputed sway in this country, has, for the past fifteen years, gone from bad to worse very fast. It is within the memory of the youngest citizen how it received its first great shock upon the rock of human slavery. It had withstood the gravest questions, both of foreign and internal policy; had met the questions of national banks and of tariffs with its strength unbroken. It was only when it engrafted human slavery upon its platforms of principles that rapid and sure decay set in.

Following as a natural sequence upon this was its opposition to the war for the Union, its sympathy with rebellion. How it withstood the blows that this accursed policy brought upon it must ever remain a marvel to the student of our national politics. Its old and thorough organization, however, carried it through with still some signs of life, and we emerged from the rebellion victorious, with an opposition party sufficiently strong to threaten seriously the total loss of every fruit of victory. But the nation rallied and the victory was saved with all its grand results.

But on this a new tack was taken by the Democracy, a sort of flank movement, that threatened not only the Republican party but the Republic itself. By a species of fraud unheard of in our history, the Empire State was lost to the Democracy. Although a large majority of the legal votes were cast for John A. Griswold, John T. Hoffman was certified into office. A Democratic Legislature was also counted in, and there was no opportunity to investigate. Things assumed a most serious aspect. The question went to the very foundations of our Republican institutions. Was this a Republic of the nineteenth century? Had the last experiment of Republicanism failed? Having successfully passed the greatest and most trying crisis any nation ever saw, were we to be destroyed through a corruption of our own peculiar institutions?

We hardly need recall our history since. How these very men, who got into office by fraud, did not scruple to steal everything that came in their way! How all the avenues of government were corrupted; how the plot thickened; how they perpetuated their power by an open purchase of votes with the people's money; how the organization extended, until the great Empire State seemed hopelessly bound over to the sachems of Tammany Hall; and their threats to purchase the nation at the next Presidential election, seemed too likely of fulfillment. These things are too well known. Nor is it necessary to recall the downfall of all this iniquity. The timely exposure of the thefts of the Tammany thieves in the city, the no less timely exposure of the Democratic thefts in the State, the great awakening of the people; the glorious victory of Nov. 7, when the people in their majesty arose as one man and broke the chain by which they had been bound.

But what will become of the Democratic Party now? It has time and again betrayed the trust of the people. It has united under its banners the great portion of all the bad elements of the county. It is Democratic only in name. It has lost the confidence of the people the country over. What will become of it? It can make no show in the Presidential race of next year. GRANT's re-election will be more unanimous than the re-election of LINCOLN. Distrusted, disorganized, what chance is there for it but to break up, and try some new task. Every party in power needs a good vigorous opposition party, and we hope that what there is left of Democracy will furnish a respectable opposition to the Republican Party. But we warn our Democratic friends, that to do this they must reorganize; they must throw aside their notoriety into their leaders. In this way alone can they hope to prove of any service to the country.

Velocity of Sound in Coal.

This is a very interesting subject, at least to those who have anything to do with coal mines. And yet I have not met with anything that points to it, nor formula whereby it might be calculated. But perhaps this is a subject to which the attention of physicists has not been drawn. I have been told that blasting has been heard at the distance of one hundred and fifty yards underground, and I have heard the signals of the colleries, that is, by hitting the surface of the coal with one of their tools, at a distance of fifty or sixty yards, and have also heard the shouts of the men at the distance of fifteen yards, but have never met any person who could give the velocity, nor seen any book on physics in which there is anything concerning it. But perhaps it is a very hard subject to deal with, from the difference of the specific gravity of the coals, and also the different temperatures that we meet there. And if from these different causes it would be hard to find the real velocity, yet by calculating a velocity that might be rather theoretical at first, we might by degrees come nearer the truth.—*Correspondence in Nature.*

Unprecedentedly Large Foreign Trade.

The import entries at New York for nine months of the current calender year, are of the value of $304,620,655, against $241,821,806 in same time in 1870—the withdrawals from warehouse amount to $98,625,022, against $9,935,435. These figures are beyond all precedent, and may well attract general attention. An importation of nearly three hundred and five millions for the nine months of the year at the port of New York alone, shows a volume of business beyond all previous estimate. Of this large total, only $109,871,704 consisted of dry goods, so that general merchandise, including sugar, tea, coffee, spices, metals, liquors, wines, hides, leather, wool and the like, amounted to about $190,000,000. The cash duties are collected only upon the goods actually marketed, and amount for the nine months of the year to $118,292,790, against $107,435,081 in the same time last year.

The exports from New York, for the nine months to October 1st, were $230,925,953, against $183,460,634, including specie, of which there was $57,619,924 this year against $48,927,935 in same time in 1870. The exports of merchandise in September show a gain upon the corresponding total of last year of nearly $5,000,000.

New York usually receives about two-thirds of all the foreign imports of the United States, and ships about forty per cent. of all the exports to foreign ports, exclusive of specie. If this holds true the current year, the account for nine months would be about $450,000,000 of merchandise imported into the United States against $488,000,000 of merchandise exported; the specie shipped, therefore, would, more than balance the account.

A gentleman of Norwalk, Va., who had been tortured for a long time with neuralgia, hearing of a noted physician in Germany who invariably cured that disease, visited him for treatment. He was permanently cured after a short sojourn, and the doctor freely gave him the simple remedy used, which was nothing but a poultice of tea made from our common field thistle. The leaves are macerated and used on the parts affected as a poultice, while a small quantity of the leaves are boiled down in the proportion of a quart to a pint, and a small wine glass of the decoction drank before each meal.

The Revival of Peshtigo.

From the Menominee (Wis.) Herald, Nov. 1.

Things are again assuming an appearance of life and activity after the recent conflagrations and destruction of property. The mill is now running night and day, with full crews, to make up for lost time. It is expected that the stock of logs on hand will be cut up before the close of navigation. Dimension and other lumber is in active demand for Chicago; large bills are received daily. The rebuilding of Peshtigo village has commenced; carpenters from here are erecting houses and temporary stores for the company and individuals. Mr. Wm. B. Ogden is on the ground, actively engaged in organizing matters, and promises every encouragement and assistance to parties to induce them to rebuild. Two of the recent sufferers are at the boarding house both badly burned about the face and hands. Large quantities of lumber and material are sent daily to the site of the village, and several buildings of a temporary style are already erected, and with the aid of outsiders and the company, Peshtigo will soon be rebuilt.

J. J. McGilis has taken the contract to build the company's store on the old foundation. The building will be 84x90, two stories high, and is to be completed in thirty days. A small engine for machine shops and grist mill has been received. A new 16-ton locomotive for the harbor road is ready for use, and iron rail enough has been received to repair the track. The water mill at the village is to be rebuilt this winter. Mr. Lister intends to erect his foundry at once. The bridge across the river will be completed this week. Real estate is again on the move, two lots having been sold this week near the centre of the village for $500 and $550 respectively. F. Barcelli is making preparations to build his store on the former site. A corral has been built for the care of stray stock. All the roads to the settlements have been repaired, and building materials is being furnished to the farmers as fast as required.

A Scotch Entomologist and his Guest.

There is a story, perhaps forgotten by all but men who were students at a certain college nearly thirty years ago, of an enthusiastic professor of entomology, not celebrated for his exercise of hospitality, who was so delighted at the arrival of an eminent pursuer of insects that he invited him to board and sleep in his chambers. Next morning Dr. McFly greeted his guest: "And how did ye sleep the nicht, Mester Beebemouth?"

"Not very well. A strange bed, perhaps. But"—

"Ah!" quoth the Doctor, eagerly, "ye were just bitten by something, eh!"

"Well, to tell you the truth, Doctor, I was."

"Just think of that! Bitten, were ye? Now can ye say it was anything noteworthy that bit ye? peculiar, eh?"

"Yess, I think. But such chaps for biting I never saw in my life."

"I should think so, indeed" (with great glee;) "they're Sicilian flexs. I imported them myself."

The Detroit *Post* says: "A young lady of Chesaning went to the new bank house the other day for the purpose of removing the real estate from her epidermis through the medium of squeous and saponacious applications, when the attendant asked her what temperature she would have. With an ingenious smile the sweet child of nature replied: 'I don't care for none;' and she was shown to her room."

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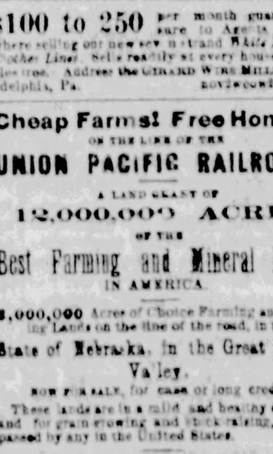

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To Correspondents.

MEAWERS, Sheffield, Pa., writes as follows:—"Some months ago I noticed in your Answers to Correspondents an answer in regard to the duties of our Consuls abroad. This partly answered an inquiry which has been the cause of considerable dispute in this neighborhood. The question is: In what manner, and by whom, are persons chosen for the position of Consuls, and about what the salaries are, in the more important of foreign cities? By answering the above you will much oblige."—All Consuls are appointed by the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate. The compensations of some depend entirely on fees, of others on fees and salary and of others on salary only. The following are the salaries of some of the principal United States Consuls: London $7,500; Paris, $5,000; Liverpool, $7,500; Rio Janeiro, $6,000; Havana, $6,000; Montreal, $4,000; Havre, $6,000; Calcutta, $5,000; Shanghai, $4,000; Canton, $4,000; and so on. In some places where the compensation depends entirely on fees, the Consuls realizes a good deal more than any of the above, and sometimes where the Consul receives a salary and is prohibited from engaging in business, he becomes a silent partner in some house and realizes a large amount.

S. S., Newport, Ohio, asks: "Is the President called the Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the United States, or is it the highest General?"—The President, under the Constitution, is the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States. The General of the Army (SHERMAN) ranks next, and the Lieutenant-General, (SHERIDAN) next.

J. L. WILES, Jasper, Ohio, writes:—"I see in a note in the BLADE, of Nov 9th, 1871, in the column of Domestic News, that the Secretary of the Interior has set aside the bids for the Kaw Lands as too low. Now, about the 15th of last July I sent a bid at three dollars per acre for the south west half in townships No. 17, of Section No. 8, south of range No. 8, and got return of the same dated Oct. 24th, 1871, from H. R. CLUM, Acting Commissioner of Indian Affairs, in Kansas, that my bid was rejected, a better bid therefor having been received. Now there is a rumor here that a company of speculators bid off and got the whole of the Kaw lands. Now, if you will explain in your column to correspondents, you will oblige several who take and read your excellent paper."—The Kaw Reservation was *not* bought by a company of speculators. The Department, regarding the bids as too low, resolved not to accept any of them, and we presume they will be again offered for sale at some future time.

H. G. COOK, Flint, Mich., asks:—"Will you please inform me through your Answers to Correspondents where I can purchase Pitman's Work on Phonography, and the price?"—Address BENN. PITMAN Cincinnati, Ohio.

M. D. Y., Fairfield, Ill., writes as follows:—"Has an attorney the right to charge $25 for getting a pension? I will just state the case: An attorney was employed to get the pension allowed, and after some years, he got up an agreement for $25, stating that there had been a law past allowing attorneys to make a special agreement to charge $25, and notice has been sent from Washington stating that the pension was allowed and that the Attorney was allowed ten dollars and no more. First, was such a law passed, and second, can he collect the $25?"—Where an agreement has been made, and the attorney has had it filed with the Commissioner of Pensions, he may charge not to exceed twenty-five dollars. But if no agreement has been filed with and approved by the Commissioner, the law provides that the fee shall be ten dollars and no more. And the law further provides that where no agreement has been filed with the Commissioner of Pensions, he shall direct that a fee of ten dollars only be paid to the agent or attorney. As the pensioner in the case mentioned received this notice, it would seem that the agreement was not properly filed, and the extra fifteen dollars could not, therefore, be legally collected. The law further provides, that any agent or attorney who shall receive or retain any greater compensation than is thus allowed, shall, upon conviction, be fined not exceeding $500, or imprisoned at hard labor not exceeding five years, or both at the discretion of the court. You had better write to the Commissioner of Pensions, at Washington, and ascertain whether the agreement was properly filed.

SUBSCRIBER, Minnesota, asks:—"When were violins invented? I have one dated 1672, and wish to know if they were in use at that time."—The viol was an ancient instrument, whose general shape was that of the violin, of which it may be considered the parent. Its general shape was that of the violin, it was furnished with six and sometimes with more strings, the tones of which were regulated by being brought by the fingers into contact with frets placed at regular intervals along the neck, and it was played on by a bow. The violin assumed its present shape about the commencement of the 17th century, and although a great many attempts have been made to improve upon its construction, it not only remains without material change, but the oldest violins are esteemed the best. If our subscriber's instrument is correctly dated it must be one of the oldest in existence.

SUBSCRIBER, Homer, C.:—You can get a work on tobacco culture by addressing Orange Judd & Co., New York. The *Tobacco Leaf*, a weekly paper published by C. Pfirshing, No. 142, Fulton street, New York, is the organ of the tobacco trade of the United States, and will keep you posted on the markets and other matters connected with the business.

WILL E.:—The name you inquire about is fictitious. Perhaps if you write to the editor of Appleton's *Journal* he will tell you the real name.

A. J. B. writes:—"Please inform me through your answers to correspondents, how I should proceed to get a patent on a new invention, something very useful to every farmer. Answer as soon as convenient, and oblige a subscriber to the BLADE and FARM JOURNAL. Long may they wave."—Write to the Commissioner of Patents, Washington, D. C., who will send you full instructions how to proceed. Or put your case in the hands of MUNN & Co., publishers of the Scientific *American*, New York city, who will attend to it faithfully for you.

J. C. B., Grove City, Ill.; sends us a copy of a circular issued by a Medical and Surgical Institute, at Milwaukee, in which the following statement occurs:

"Ordinary cases require from *one to three months*, old, difficult, chronic cases sometimes require longer, but in all cases a radical and permanent cure may be relied upon if the remedy is faithfully used. It is perfectly harmless to the most delicate constitution. No material changes of diet are required, and its use in no way interferes with the usual occupation."

And our correspondent wants to know whether the aforesaid Medical and Surgical Institute is "trustworthy and reliable." We don't know anything about this particular institution, any further than this; that any man or any Institute that promises a radical and permanent cure in all cases, is a quack and a humbug, and unworthy of any confidence.

W. J. J., Cerro Gorde, Piatt county, Illinois, writes:—"Is the State of Ohio paying a Veteran Bounty, if so, is a man who has received a local bounty from his township entitled to a State bounty also? I served in the Army from the commencement of the war as a volunteer and Veteran volunteer until discharged at the close of the war. Was accredited to Jefferson township, Scioto county, where I re-enlisted, but received no bounty from State or township. Am I entitled to a township bounty and State bounty, or only the local township bounty, if I can get it?"—The township to which you were credited must pay the Veteran bounty of $100. There is no other bounty paid in such cases. The Veteran Bounty law provided that the bounty should be so paid. A man who has received the local Veteran bounty has in fact received the bounty mentioned as State bounty. Where men were credited to the State at large the bounty would be paid by the State. A man cannot receive bounty from a township and from the State also.

J. H., Milton, Indiana, writes:—"The Comforter which Christ said He would send (even the Spirit of Truth) He said should "reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment." Are we to understand this reproof to be for righteousness just the same as for sin?"—The word translated *reprove* means in the original to demonstrate by argument, to prove, to persuade any one to do a thing or not to do it, by presenting reasons. It, hence, means also to *convince* of anything here. He will convince or convict the world of sin. That is, He will so apply the truths of God to men's own minds to *convince* them by fair and sufficient arguments that they are sinners and cause them to feel this. And when He speaks of reproving (or convincing) the world of righteousness He refers to the innocence or righteousness of Jesus himself. He was persecuted. He was soon to be arraigned on heavy charges, and condemned by the highest tribunal of the nation as guilty, and then ignominiously put to death. Yet He says that the Holy Spirit would descend and *convince* the world that he was innocent—or in other words of His righteousness.

The same correspondent asks: "Was Christ a happy man?"—This belongs to the class of questions that we think it not very profitable to spend time in discussing, but will reply to this by saying that "He was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief"—that His agony in the garden was just as great as if he had been man only, and not God *and* man, and that His sufferings upon the cross were just as terrible as were those of the malefactors who were confined with him. In all of those things he suffered as a man, and yet he never ceased to bear with Him the sustaining consciousness that He was doing the great work He came to do—the redemption of a world—and in that work he was happy. Just as a parent may suffer for a child and yet be happy in looking forward to the result—the fruits—of that suffering.

OLD SUBSCRIBER comes at us with the following catechism: "Will you be so kind as to give your opinion on the following subjects: I have had a desire to embark in the drug business for some time, but am unable, financially, to go into it now; but in about two years I would be able to raise some $2,000 in money and be also prepared to pursue the business, for I would have to learn. I have no collegiate education, never went to any high school but four months in my life. Know nothing of Latin, Greek or French. I am an apt scholar at most things I undertake; am 30 years old, and have a wife and two children. Now, under the above circumstances, do you think it would justify me to go into it, and about what would it take to set up in a good and substantial style? And what are generally the profits of, and what are generally the total sales of an ordinary drug store? What papers should I take for instructions and to post myself as to general prices, &c., and where could I obtain a U. S. Dispensatory, and what would one cost, and is there but one standard edition, and if there is more than one, which is best? &c. Please give as good answers as you can, and you will confer a favor."—If you have had no experience in the drug business your success in it would be very doubtful. You might learn enough in two years to manage the business successfully, but you could not expect much of a salary during that time, and would have to look to some other source for support for your family. Again, your $2,000 would not start you in the business "in good substantial style." Your better plan would be to form a partnership with some good man who can put in some capital and who thoroughly understands the business—providing you can do so. The profits of the business are generally good, but they vary according to competition and other causes, and so do the total sales. Any bookseller will get you a Dispensatory. With the view of your situation as given in your letter we would think you would do better to engage in some business you understand; we are certain you would unless you can get some reliable partner with some means who has had experience in the drug business.

A FARMER, Orwell, O.—We know nothing definitely about the insurance company you mention, but from the circulars you send us don't think it a reliable institution. We had a little experience once with that kind of a company and can't say we are particularly anxious for any more of the same kind.

L. D. FARMER, Grant, Pa., sends us circulars he has received from a fellow calling himself Major John Hood, Wilmington, Del., proposing to furnish Mr. B. any quantity of counterfeit money for a small quantity of genuine. It is the same old dodge so often exposed in these columns, and which has never yet caught an honest man and never will. But it is provoking that honest men must be annoyed by having such things sent to them.

A SUBSCRIBER, Burning Springs, West Va., asks: "Will you please inform me through your correspondence column where I can get Mrs. Laronge's improved method for dress cutting, or any other dressmaker's chart and what will it cost?"—These charts are sometimes advertised, but there are no advertisements of them at present in our columns—which shows plainly what may be lost by a failure to keep before the people in the columns of a widely circulated newspaper. There are probably a thousand ladies among our readers who would like to have the same article inquired for by this correspondent. We can only advise our subscriber to watch our advertising columns.

D. A. R. P. writes as follows: "Will you for the benefit of several subscribers, punctuate the following: G. S. SMITH, Agent, North Manchester, Ind.? Yes, there it is.

A READER, Lake City, Minnesota, writes: "Will you please inform a subscriber if General Jackson ever said: 'Take from agricultural pursuits five hundred thousand men, women and children, and put them to manufacturing, and you make a better market for the surplus produce than all Europe now affords,' and, if so, where can it be found?"—We think General Jackson was a man of too much good sense to have said anything like that.

G. A. B., Blackstone, Ill., writes: "I see by an article in the BLADE of Nov. 2d, that there is a revival of a railroad project and consolidation of the North American Railroad Company and the New York and Western Railway Co., to extend from New London, Ohio, to Council Bluffs, Iowa. The Chicago *Post* claims that said road will run via Chicago. I take it that it is the same road that was graded through this section of the country, in 1867, then known as the 'Great Western Air Line.' Many of your readers would like to know if the road will run on the old survey and grade, and if it is the same road of which I have spoken above. It was to run on an air line a little north of 41 degrees."—The road is not located, and until it is no one can tell what the route will be. Chicago, of course, will try hard to get it, but the more direct route will have strong arguments in its favor.

A CONSTANT READER states the following case: "I take great pleasure in the department of the BLADE devoted to correspondents, and take the liberty of asking your advice on a subject in which I am deeply interested. A short time after coming West I formed the acquaintance of a young lady in the State of Missouri, whom I took a great liking to, and finding her to be a lady of inestimable qualities, addressed her successfully as a suitor, until the 'old folks' informed her that if she did not discard me they would 'turn her from house and home.' I then ceased to visit the young lady at her residence, and we immediately began to correspond clandestinely. Shortly afterwards I left Missouri and came to Kansas, but still correspond with the young lady. A short time ago I was called to Missouri on business and hoped to see her, but her father on hearing I was in the neighborhood kept her under lock and key until my departure, and I have since learned that he struck her violently because she spoke respectfully of me. His objections to me are that I am poor. My character is as pure as his, notwithstanding he is leading minister of the county in which he resides. Now, dear BLADE, I love the lady and know she loves me. What course would you advise, I pet me have your advice."

As a rule it is not safe or prudent for a young lady to correspond clandestinely with a young man to whom her parents object. They may have good and sufficient reasons for their objections, which she would not regard as such. But there are prejudiced and unreasonable parents, just as there are infatuated lovers, and our correspondent's case, if he makes a fair statement of it, looks like one of these. If his character is what he says, and their only objection to him that he is poor, the young lady's parents are certainly in the wrong, and if her father struck her as stated, he did a brutal and cowardly thing, one which can hardly fail to alienate from him the respect and affection of his daughter. It, as we judge from his letter, our correspondent is not at present able to support a wife comfortably, he had better go to work earnestly and get into a position in which he can do so as soon as possible, with an understanding between him and the young lady that they will remain true to each other. Perhaps by that time the opposition of her parents will have ceased, and he can marry her with their consent and have everything pleasant.

Insurance Department

CONDUCTED BY J. H. AND C. M. GOODSELL.

It looks now as if only one of the local fire companies of Chicago can come out from under the ruins with vitality enough to continue in business.

The losses of the Andes Fire at Chicago, after running up and down the gamut from $300,000 to $1,500,000, have finally found hard pan in the neighborhood of $1,250,000.

About twenty new companies have already been projected to take the places left vacant by the effects of the Chicago fire. There are still nearly forty vacancies of the same sort to be filled, for the fire burned to death some sixty companies.

The Underwriters' Agency paid $650,000, or about three-fourths of their entire loss at Chicago, in less than forty days from the date of the fire. Considering that not a dollar was really due until sixty days after proof of loss was presented, we must think this a very creditable record.

Notwithstanding losses to the amount of $1,250,000 at Chicago, the Continental Fire, of New York, shows no signs of weakness. At a sale by auction of insurance stocks on November 22, Continental shares sold at 130. So much for the benefits of a large surplus, both to stockholders and policy holders.

The stock of a prominent fire company of New York sold on November 1 at $54 per share of $100, and on October 1 at 115. A little more than a year ago, before the stock dividend, it brought 170. Between water and fire, stockholders have had a pretty hard time of it, and now they are assessed 60 per cent., to make the company's capital good.

We advise our Chicago readers, who may be losers by the fire, to be in no haste to accept offers of settlement from the companies insuring. A company *must* pay in full or go into a receiver's hands. There is no "purgatory" in the case. Get all, or patiently wait for your *pro rata* share of the assets.

A foreign company, called the Hamburg Bremen, made its appearance in Chicago soon after the great fire, announcing its capital at $80,000,000. The concern has been operating in California two or three years, but never claimed to have over $150,000 capital. Perhaps the agent thought it was best to tell a big lie, while he was about it.

Superintendent Webb, of the Insurance Department of Kansas, has refused permission to the National Life of Chicago to do business in that State. It found its assets less than the laws of Kansas required a life company to have; also, that they were not properly invested, being loaned on inadequate security and largely to the company's own officers. Mr. Webb also decides that a company doing a life business upon the co-operative plan is unworthy of confidence, and its policies "absolutely worthless." Why don't this national prowler publish Superintendent Webb's opinion as an endorsement?

These figures are derived from statements of actual or approximate losses, by the several firms visited by reporters and embrace chiefly the stock and fixtures destroyed. Only in the losses of railway companies and a few merchants are buildings included. When we take into consideration the fact that the list embraces only the heaviest business houses and institutions of the city—footing up a total of over $37,000,000—something like a correct guess can be made of the total losses by the Great Fire, including 18,000 buildings and several hundred retail stores, schools, factories, etc., etc., not included in the statement.

There is no ground for any apprehension that Eastern life companies are appreciably affected by the Chicago fire, although some of them were large lenders of money upon real estate in that city. It is definitely settled that, in almost every instance of such loans, the land itself was (and still is) worth very much more than the amount loaned, and that the only inconvenience at all likely to arise may be some little delay in the collection of interest, on account of embarrassments inevitable from such a wholesale destruction of income producing property.

A Chicago paper gives a partial list of the principal losers and losses by the Great Fire, carefully made up. It shows that the losses of the several railway companies are nearly two millions of dollars; that a few of the principal dry goods houses alone lose over $6,000,000; the principal grocery houses, about $2,500,000; the wholesale clothiers, nearly $2,000,000; blank book establishments $1,100,000; jewelers, $1,335,000; hardware and iron trade, $1,280,000; millinery goods $1,100,000; boots and shoes, $975,000; the book trade, $864,000; musical instruments, $670,000; drug and paint trade, $621,000; hats and caps, $423,000; furniture trade, $510,000.

The European Life, of London, after absorbing more than thirty other companies and, by extravagant management, reaching the very edge of the Court of Chancery, has been rescued from its impending crisis by the New York Life. The latter company has made overtures for the taking over the thirty thousand policy holders of the European, upon terms mutually advantageous, and the proposition has met with the approval of the endangered Englishmen. It is expected that the negotiation will be brought to a satisfactory conclusion during the present month. The fact that an American company of the highest character can thus, without risk to itself, refasbre a tottering English concern speaks volumes in favor of our system and its security. Of course the great secret in this particular case lies in the higher rate of interest attainable by American life offices on their investments.

Whatever may be the views of stockholders who have lost money by the failures consequent upon the Chicago fire, it is quite clear that new capital invested in insurance companies has a better prospect than ever before of being both secure and well paid for. Rates of premium are placed at length upon a paying basis; the people are alive to the necessity and value of good insurance, and underwriters have learned lessons which will check reckless competition for years to come. It may well be said that investors who have sunk their money may feel reluctant or unable to repeat the experiment; but for capital seeking employment, the new insurance projects offer a really desirable opening. The main, if not the only inquiries are, who the promoters of the various new companies are, and what is their character or experience. Money placed in proper hands, under the usual safeguards, can now, with more reason than ever, be invested in fire insurance.

It is considered doubtful in New York whether the amount of money called for to make good the impairments of capital of some of the insurance companies can be obtained. In cases where only twenty or thirty per cent. of impairment exists and the aggregate chartered capital is but $200,000 to $500,000, the assessments will probably be promptly met. But where the compulsory levy calls for sums varying from $300,000 to $1,500,000, and demands from stockholders a new subscription equal to more than half as much as they originally paid in, there is, naturally, some disposition to hold back. It adds to the shyness of these capitalists to suspect that the present calls are based upon too sanguine a view of the financial condition of the companies making them, and that, when the December statements appear, another impairment will compel another assessment. It is pretty well understood, however, among insurance men that, without more than one or two exceptions, these calls will all be paid. In one notable instance, where the assessment is sixty per cent. upon a capital of $2,500,000, (requiring $1,500,000 to be paid in) there have been symptoms of diffidence on the part of a few stockholders, and these may assume proportions unfavorable to a repiration of capital. But, even in this case, the worst that can happen will be the reorganization of the company upon the basis supplied by its actual condition, with a capital of $1,000,000, instead of $2,500,000, as before the Chicago fire. Of course this would necessitate also a reorganization of the company's large business and compel restrictions and economies of which its management has made little account heretofore. This crippling and partial withdrawal of one of the largest companies in the country would be a regretful circumstance, and it is to be hoped that the stockholders will yet be able to see that their interest lies in promptly making up the sixty per cent. impairment, with a view to the promising future before them.

The *Spectator*, in its last issue, thus refers to a Cleveland institution:

"The golden age promises to dawn upon the world, in our own day, *via* the Mutual Savings Society, of Cleveland, O. This crystallization of vast possibilities has been launched under the provisions of the law of Ohio for the incorporation of *religious societies*, and, according to its own showing, is "based upon the Contribution Plan of Combined Protection"—all in capitals, no other capital appearing to be necessary. To be sure, there is an Æolian cave of windy wisdom held in reserve for dupes, and this is all the reserve the pious fraud has. As specimen zephyrs of the kind of blow indulged in by the literary touter of this Cleveland co-operative, we may quote these "Facts for Laboring Men" which, as the old lady said about the certainty of death, are extremely true. Just listen to these distillations of wisdom:

"The support of a man's family requires cash.

"Cash is the product of labor.

"Labor is the product of man's productive faculties.

"Death destroys the producing faculties of men.

"A membership in the Mutual Savings Society restores an equivalent."

To all of which, except the last, we might safely say "Amen, hit or miss," without being worked up to any very intense appreciation of the novelty of the sentiment, or any very devout worship of its exponent. Strictly speaking, however, this concern is a fraud, and everybody who goes into its divisions, whether A, B, C or D, will come out shorter than when he went in. It is simply a two-penny swindling shop of the veriest retail order, and is just the thing to entrap that large class in every community who act as if they enjoyed being gulled.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

The annual report of State Treasurer Warner shows that the total receipts of Ohio for the year ending November 16th, amounted to $6,040,223; and the disbursements to $1,292,016; $2,161,827 were from the general revenue fund; $1,640,377 from the sinking fund, and $1,458,198 from the common school fund.

An agent of the government has telegraphed from Tennessee to the District Attorney that he has taken into custody Michael Stroknair, David Beaty, James Beaty and Claiborne Beaty. These men were indicted by the grand jury of the District of Columbia, with Col. Wm. Stokes and Victor Powell, charged with fraud.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 25,—Dispaches from Arizona say that 100 government cattle were run off by the Apaches in Vale de China, near Prescott. Troops and citizens are pursuing the Apaches who murdered the Wickenburg stage passengers. They trailed them directly to the Date Creek Reservation. The fact that a large part of the Apaches residing there were absent at the time of the massacre, is proven by an officer in the reservation. A dispatch says that among the passengers was one registered as Alfred W. Loring, of Wheeler's expedition. Loring was the only passenger not wounded by the first fire of the Indians, who were ambushed, completely surrounding the stage. The three passengers outside, and the driver were killed at the first volley. The Indians then rushed for the stage. Loring and Hamil lost their presence of mind and jumped from the stage on the side where the Indians were. Miss Shephard and Konger, both wounded, jumped from the other side and escaped. In an instant Loring was surrounded by the savages. Being wounded he tried to escape. The Indians fired two shots, one passing through his breast. Loring fell and was despatched with a lance. Parties knowing him here say there is no doubt of his identity. The people of Prescott raised volunteers with the determination of killing every Apache in the reservation, but finally consented to leave the matter with Gen. Crook.

ANNAPOLIS, Nov. 24.—Grand Duke Alexis and suite, accompanied by Secretary Robeson, arrived here at 10 a. m. Owing to the storm, but few persons were at the depot. The Prince and party entered carriages and were driven to the naval ground, and were received by a battalion of marines with presented arms, a band on the right playing the Russian National Air, and a salute of 21 guns was fired by a battery on the play grounds. The party was received at the Superintendent's quarters by Commodore Warden. The Prince was introduced by Secretary Robeson. The visitors proceeded to the parade ground, where the cadets went through the military drill and parade, saluting the duke as they marched past. The parade being over, the gun ship Santee was visited, where another national salute of twenty-one guns was fired. After passing through the ship, the party inspected the various departments of the Academy. In the ordnance museum, the battle flags captured at Cores were objects of special interest. The inspection of the departments being over, at 12:30 P. M. they returned to the quarters of the Commodore.

A large party had assembled and the guests were invited to partake of a collation. Alexis responded to the toast—"The Emperor of Russia"—by one to the "President of the United States." Admiral Poissett responded to the toast to "The Russian Navy" with the following: The prosperity of the remarkable institution we have just inspected. May it continue its great usefulness and produce more men like Farragut, Porter, and Worden to adorn their country's history.

The Duke and party left at 2 o'clock for New York, where the Grand Duke will remain till about Dec. 5, when he will visit Boston, Albany and Montreal. He will then go west, after which he will visit some of the Southern States.

NEW YORK, Nov. 25.—Mexican news of the 12th inst. says that the Government troops, commanded by Gen. Politino, were entirely routed in Durango, by the revolutionary forces under Gen. Gundra.

A special dispatch from Berlin says that the public mind there is disturbed in view of the diplomatic attitude assumed by Germany towards France. Bismarck privately advocates a continuance of the system of military preparation for war. The recent act of the Reichstag in prolonging the military budget on the war estimate contemplates the speedy reoccupation of the French departments by the Germans. Bismarck advocates this movement for the reason that he sees that the tenure of authority by the Thiers Government is very precarious.

A special dispatch from Alexandria, Egypt, dated Nov. 13, says that a terrible catastrophe had occurred in the harbor off that port, in consequence of a collision between two steamships carrying passengers and mails. The vessels met with great force, sinking both, and resulting in the death of 75 Algerian pilgrims by drowning. The men were overburdened with gold, the great weight of which rendered their efforts to swim unavailing, and indeed impossible.

It is rumored that a police captain drew $10,000 and an Assistant Alderman $3,000 from the Bowling Green Savings Bank after it suspended payment.

NEW YORK, Nov. 24.—It is reported that six Tammany Aldermen have been counted in by the canvassers.

There is great excitement at Hunter's Point over the determination of the School Commissioners to enforce Bible reading in schools. Several children of Catholic parents have been ejected because they refused to be present on such occasions. To-day three young men took their seats in school, though refused permission, and were encouraged, cheered and protected from ejectment by one girl and scholars who remonstrated against reading the Bible. These were arrested by the police.

NEW YORK, Nov. 25.—Connolly's arrest to-day created quite a flutter at the City Hall, shortly after it became public. It was generally talked about throughout the city. The arrest was made by Sheriff Brennan in person. Connolly was taken wholly by surprise. The arrest was based on the same summons as that used in the cases of Tweed, Ingersoll, Garvey and Woodward, Connolly's name being added to others afterwards. Connolly started in search of bondsmen, he being in charge of the Deputy Sheriff. It was announced late in the afternoon that Eugene Kelley, a banker, who is reported to be worth eleven millions, would give the bail.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 25.—The Directors of the Board of Trade to day passed resolutions asking general freights throughout the country to adopt a national classification of freights, and requesting Congress to interfere to prevent injurious discrimination in rates and classification and extortion, and to simplify means of redress. Also asking delegates to the National Board of Trade to consider the subject. They further adopted a resolution petitioning Congress for an appropriation to finish the Louisville canal, purchase the outstanding stock and make the canal free.

The International Conference of the Friends' First Day School, in session at Wilmington, Ohio, to-day, selected Lynn, Mass., as the next place of meeting, in November, 1873. A large committee was appointed to consider the uniform lesson system, and the selection of books for libraries. The conference finally adjourned, after the proper recognition of the hospitality of the citizens.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 25.—A man named Cooper was arrested near Xenia, Ohio, to day, on suspicion of being the murderer of John H. Swing, at Cleveland. He was taken to Cleveland by officer Rowe, who, with detective Tiffany, made the arrest. He had rented a house, and in the recent purchase of a stove pledged a watch suspected to have belonged to Swing.

The State continued the examination of witnesses in the Blackburn-Lovell murder case, at Chillicothe, Ohio, to-day, the witnesses generally testifying to the intimacy between the parties, and two corroborating the testimony of the witnesses of yesterday as to the appearance of finger marks on the neck of the deceased. One witness testified that on the train from Cincinnati on the Thursday or Friday preceding Miss Lovell's death, Blackburn appeared troubled and nervous, and holding up a package the size of his little finger, observed that God Almighty only knew what it was. When they separated, he said it was the last time he would ever see him alive. The court adjourned at half past twelve till Monday afternoon.

CLEVELAND, Nov. 24.—C. R. Armstrong, Postmaster at East Liverpool, Ohio, was arrested and brought here to day at the instance of special Agent Baldwin, of the Postoffice Department, charged with withdrawing money order funds. He was held to bail by United States Commissioner White, in the sum of $1,500, to answer at the January term of the United States Court. Mr. Baldwin assured a gentleman in the service to-day that offenses of this kind would be prosecuted with extreme rigor hereafter.

LOUISVILLE, Nov. 24.—Helen Park is again growing worse. Evaline Park continues improving. Both had wounds on the head from the murderer's axe, from which portions of their brains ran out. The excitement in Clark county, Indiana, on account of the tragedy has not died out. Suspicions that white men instigated the bloody deed are being secretly investigated. A number of negroes are leaving the country. Mrs. Taylor, wife of 'squire Taylor, said to be the one who struck the brutal blow, has gone to Chicago, where her daughter is a washerwoman in a hotel. The grand jury of Clark county meets on the first proximo, when it is probable that some of the lynchers will be indicted.

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., Nov. 26.—Nathaniel Preston, an old resident and for many years a prominent citizen of Terre Haute, formerly cashier of the branch of the old State bank of Indiana, at this place, fell dead this evening while walking a short distance from his residence.

CINCINNATI, O., Nov. 25.—Miss Susie Haron, of Perrysville, Ohio, was burned to death last night by the explosion of a coal oil lamp.

DETROIT, Nov. 22.—The building occupied by the post office and Daily Telegraph newspaper, at Kalamazoo, was destroyed by fire last night. The entire contents of the post office were saved.

NEW HAVEN, Ct., Nov. 23.—The New Haven Chemical Works burned this morning. Loss, $50,000; partially insured.

SALT LAKE, Utah, Nov. 24.—A despatch to-night from Little Cottonwood, says: Snow, sleet, hail, rain, thunder and lightning, and the wind blowing terrifically. The snow slides have done much damage. Chas. Morrison was carried by a slide three or four hundred yards over a precipice. The miners worked hours to recover the body, but in vain. Several other lives have been lost. It is still snowing and blowing severely, with no signs of abating, and the snow is from five to six feet deep on a level, and badly drifted.

The Church organ is heavy this evening on the reported supposition that the Mormons might abandon Utah for the sake of their religion. They don't propose to remove any further. It is a long lane, says the News, that has no turn in it, and it is time that a turn was arrived at. If there are to be any farther removals required by the opponents, let the opponents of Mormonism remove and go where they please; the Mormons will not needlessly, and illegally, and unconstitutionally seek to annoy them.

Court is in session to-day, but there is no important business.

Mining transactions are brisk, despite bad weather, averaging this week nearly $1,000,000.

The regular Mormons repudiate those claiming to be of their faith who propose to send away their plural wives. They are Mormons, but are now cut off from the Church.

Among those who have resolved to give up polygamy, in obedience to law, is Mr. Lawrence of the old mercantile firm of Kimball & Lawrence.

FOREIGN NEWS.

LONDON, Nov. 24.—A distinguished cardinal authorizes the statement that the Pope will not leave Rome unless he is compelled to do so by physical force or personal violence.

The ship Nonpariel, which left Bombay July 12, for New York, foundered at sea and all but three of the crew were drowned.

John Ruskin has been elected Rector of the University of St. Andrews.

The Queen has returned to Windsor Castle from Balmoral.

BERLIN, Nov. 24.—The commission upon the budget to-day reported to the Reichstag a scheme for the maintainance of the army. They estimate the annual expense for the regular troops, based upon a force of 401,569 men, exclusive of officers, at about 90,353,000 rubles and recommend the appropriation of 225 per head for that number of enlisted men for the ensuing three years. Parliament has not yet taken action on the subject.

PARIS, Nov. 24.—A large number of sympathizers with the ex-Emperor Napoleon to-day made a demonstration in his honor. They traversed the Faubourg St. Garmain with shouts of "Viva Napoleon." No attempt was made by the police to interfere with them.

MADRID, Nov. 24.—A correspondent says the answers which have been made to the recent private inquiries show that Great Britain is ready to receive favorably, from Spain, proposals for the restitution of Gibraltar.

LONDON, Nov. 26.—Physicians in attendance upon the Prince of Wales issued a bulletin last evening stating that all was going on well. To-day the Prince has been suffering from a severe and regular fever.

PARIS, Nov. 26.—The decision of the Commissioner of Pardons in the cases of the condemned Communist prisoners is still kept secret. There is great anxiety among all classes to learn the fate of General Rossel. The father of this prisoner has just had an interview with Thiers, in which he begged that the life of his son might be spared. The President was greatly affected. General Rossel has written a letter to Thiers saying he is ready to die, but imploring that he may be spared all military degradation. The General displays great firmness, and works in prison indefatigably. He has just finished the second volume of his work on the reorganization of the army.

President Thiers and General Cissey made a trip to Rouen to-day, and visited the site of the proposed military establishments. The citizens extended them a warm welcome.

BERLIN, Nov. 26.—The bill introduced in the German Parliament by a Bavarian Minister, which provides for the criminal prosecution of clergymen who abuse the privileges of their offices has been read the second time in the Riechstag.

DR. RANSOM'S HIVE SYRUP AND TOLU.—Doctor, I have a terrible cough, and my children are all down sick with coughs, sore throats and colds. What shall we do? Take "Dr. Ransom's Hive Syrup and Tolu, or Honey Syrup," and apply "Dr. Trask's Magnetic Ointment" to the throat and chest, warm. This will soon relieve and cure you and all the children. These are excellent family medicines. Full directions are on the bottles. You can get both medicines at any drug store for 60 cents.

I often prescribe your Hive Syrup and Tolu in my practice, and can truly say that I have no other preparation in my store for hoarseness, colds, coughs, and that often fatal disease, croup, that can compare with it.

S. L. ROBINSON, M. D.,
Burlington Flats, N. Y.

The Markets.

New York Produce Market.

NEW YORK, Nov. 27, 1871.

Cotton—19¼c for middling uplands. Flour is dull and 5@10c lower; receipts 24,000 bbls; sales 8,000 bbls at $5 75@6 10 for superfine; $6 20@7 10 for extras and $6 50@7 10 for round hoop Ohio. Wheat—the market is very dull and in buyers favor; receipts 312,000 bu; sales 41,000 bu at 147@149c for No 2 spring; 160@165c for winter red western; 166@168c for amber western; 163@177c for white do. Rye quiet and unchanged; receipts 41,000 bu. Corn heavy and lower; receipts 218,000 bu; sales 89,000 bu at 77@77½c for western mixed. Barley firm; receipts 84,000 bu; sales 14,000 bu at 92½c for western. Oats dull; receipts 139,000 bu; sales 27,000 bu at 58½c for western and Ohio. Pork is quiet at $18 00 for mess. Cut Meats are quiet. Beef quiet. Lard quiet at 9@9½c for steam and 9¼c for kettle. Whiskey at 94c. Sugar is firm. Petroleum—12c for crude and 21½c for refined. Coal is unchanged.

Toledo Produce Market.

TUESDAY MORNING, Nov. 28.

Flour quiet and inactive at the following prices: Fine, $5 00@5 25; Superfine, $5 50; Extra, $5 75@6 00; Double Extra and Fancy, $6 50@7 75. Buckwheat, $7 00. Rye, $3 00. Wheat dull and heavy with very light transactions. We quote as follows: Amber—for spot and seller December 142½c; only one sale made on 'Change yesterday of each kind of grain. No. 1 White Michigan 146c. No 2 White Michigan nominal; No 3 White Michigan 140c. No. 1 Red dull at 139½c; no options transactions yesterday. No. 2 Red dull at 134c. No 3 Red 130c. Amber Illinois dull and without sale at nominal prices. Corn active and steady. High mixed 51½c, new 51c. Low mixed, all sales new at 50½c. No Grade steady at 49c. Yellow—new 50½c; White, 51c. Michigan, 50½c. Oats—No 1 dull at 38½c. No 2 firm at 37c. Michigan, 38c. Mill feed quiet at $17@$18 for Bran; $19@$20 for Shorts, and $24@$26 for Middlings. Seeds—Clover, $6 75. Timothy $2 90@$3. Flax Seed $1 55@1 60. Potatoes 55@65c as per quality. Dried Apples—new, 8@8½c. Dried peaches peeled 20@22c. Green Apples $1 75@2 per bbl. Poultry dull at the following rates: Turkeys dressed 12@13c, chickens do. 8@10c, ducks, 10c, geese 8c.

Chicago Market.

CHICAGO, Nov. 27.

Mess Pork $12 25@12 37½. Lard at 8½@8½c. Meats quiet; same as Saturday. Whiskey—88c bid; no sales.

Milwaukee Market.

MILWAUKEE, Nov. 27.

Flour unchanged. Wheat quiet at 138c for No 2. Barley nominal at 58@c for No 2.

Oswego Market.

November 25, 1871.

Wheat dull—sales 1,500 bushels Amber Michigan at 153c; 1 car No 1 Milwaukee at 150c. Corn dull—sales 25,000 bu at 66½@69c; 2 cars high mixed 70c. Barley dull. Canal freights—wheat 11c, corn and rye 10c and barley 1 c to New York.—Receipts by Lake—wheat 60,000 bu barley 37,000 bushels.

Cincinnati Market.

Nov. 27, 1871.

Flour and Grain unchanged. Cotton active; low middling 17½@18c. Whiskey firm at 94c. Hogs active and higher at $4 40@4 55; receipts for two days 10,800 head. Provisions quiet; not much demand for anything. Mess Pork held at $12 50 for old and $12 75 for new. Lard at 8½@8¾c for steam and kettle. Bulk Meats at 6c, 6¾ and 6¾c, for shoulders, clear rib and clear sides, loose and two-thirds cured. Bacon is selling to a limited extent at 7c for new shoulders, 7¾c for new clear rib and clear rib sides, packed, old clear rib and clear, orders. 7¾@7¾c. Green Meats sold at 6¾@6¾c for shoulders and sides, and 7¾c for hams.

Epitome of the Foreign Markets.

LONDON, November 25, 1:35 P. M.—Consols 93¼. American Securities—Bonds—5 20's of '67, 91¼; do of 65, 92½; do of '67, 94½; 10-40's, 90.

LIVERPOOL, Nov. 25.—Cotton strong; middling uplands, 9¼@9¾d; Orleans 10d. Sales, 20,000 bales; speculation and export 6,000 bales for export. Shipments from Bombay to the 24th, 1,000 bales.

Bread